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WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

JUNE 23, 1997

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Macleans This Week

CANADA'S
WEEKLY
NEWSMAGAZINE

JUNE 23, 1997 VOL. 13 NO. 25

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COVER

REDISCOVERING NEWFOUNDLAND

14 When the great ship *Marblehead* sailed at Bonaville on June 24, marking the 500th anniversary of John Cabot's arrival in Canada, current residents of the "New Founde Land" will throw an enormous party to celebrate the province's rich culture and history—and its enduring spirit.



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Chrétien's agenda

24 With the 21 days left in a daunting array of challenges, Chrétien chose experienced politicians for his cabinet. They will be watched closely, especially the prime minister, Edmondson's Anne McLellan.



Topless in Ontario

44 The first week of summer has neither the sun nor the rain of the province's worst weathering their newly established right to have their breasts on public.



The books of summer

50 Bill Richardson nominates on summer reading: a biographer reflects on his calling, and Maclean's editors look at the season's best.

From The Editor

The country is strong



I was the start of something magical. The time was 20 seconds before 9:50 a.m. on April 23, and the crowd started a delicious cheer. "Two new night and day shows are here!" A roar from 5,000 people erupted out the last second and, as a bowler fired the flag of 62 participating nations into a brilliant blue sky on rain-punctuated, Expo 87 opened in Montreal. With undiminished excitement, Prime Minister Lester Pearson declared: "Anyone who says we aren't a spectacular people should see this."

Now 30 years later, the spirit of Expo lives on in the memories of those over 40—and, too infrequently, is celebrated in the hearts of all Canadians. We are a nation that does big things better than big things. The Halifax des. Weating, the October Crisis, the Red River Flood. To be sure, when Canadians were in international hockey, weer into space in claim Olympic gold, the nation pulls together. But mostly we revert to our bickering, bickering selves, with endless and races pitted against one another in bitter criticism and old issues.

Recently, the travel industry has reported that, for the fourth year in a row, Canada chose the top rank for human development among the nations of the earth. The scale measured life expectancy, adult literacy, education enrolment and personal wealth—and Canada's combined score made it first overall.

Hard to believe? For world travelers, the ranking was not surprising. Poverty, disease, famine and hostilities grip many parts of the Third World where, according to the United Nations, one in five lives on less than \$1 per day. But even in the wealthiest coun-



Canada Day celebrates growth

tries, more than 100 million people are poverty-stricken. And at home, unemployment—double that of the U.S. rate—remains the biggest problem facing the Liberal government.

Still, as the nation's 130th birthday approaches next week, there are many good things to celebrate. On the economic front, the signs are encouraging. Canada's growth is second only to that of the United States among the G-7. Indeed, Canada's rate is more than double the group to eliminate the budgetary deficit and start paying off its national debt.

More important, in matters of the human spirit, the land is strong. The outpouring of support across the country for Manitoba during the flood of the century was a heartwarming reminder of our pioneering roots and in one when neighbors helped each other without question. The strong commitment to social programs was evident during the federal election. And despite glaring acts of intolerance and racism, Canada is a welcoming place for people of the world who are making a major contribution to our success.

It is only 50 years since Canada established its own independent self, independent of Britain, and a reminder of what a young nation we are. That anniversary will be marked in a special Parliament Hill ceremony on July 1. It may not be an event marked by fireworks or superstitions. But it certainly is worthy of a salute. And if there is a count down, this time it will have to be in several languages.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:

The road to Bonaville

While the Matthew sails into Bonaville harbor on June 24, thousands of visitors will land by other routes. Michael's Atlantic Cruise Charter from St. John's, who wrote this week's cover story on the massive celebrations planned to mark John Cabot's voyage 500 years ago, has already taken in



Pagan, unique

some of the sights, including a four-hour drive from St. John's to Bonaville on the craggy northwest coast. "It gives you a sense of the beauty and sweep of the island," said Bonaville. "And it's really a real estate spot to be holding such an event. But it also seems a fitting place to celebrate the long history and unique culture of Newfoundland." The package

also includes a cruise by writer Sarah's Geyn, who returned to her native province to report on the burgeoning arts scene—what she calls the "surging sense that art is all its aspects, and of the highest order, can be produced here."

Next week

A special 28-page July 1 cover package will feature 100 Canadians who are making their mark in all walks of life, from the arts and business to science and technology.



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Manning, voting for a weaker voice in Parliament

Election aftermath

Finally, we have a Parliament that represents all Canadians ("District voices"). Cover, June 19. Why must there be so much emphasis on this being a surprise? We are a vast country of very different people and regions. We have different needs, dreams and wishes. Let's stop assuming westerners are all anti-Quebec, let's stop assuming Quebecers hate the rest of Canada. Parliament can really give well representing all the regions if politicians would remember they are in Ottawa to serve us, not their political districts. This is the way Canadians voted, politicians better accept it—that's democracy.

Ledy Timin,
Enniscorthy, N.C.

I'm getting angry hearing all the other parties attack Reform. They are it's the third Canadian unity, it made Quebec vote Bloc, it

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Comments should be addressed to:
The Mail's Magazine Letters
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or: (416) 594-7778
Reform welcomes readers' views but letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone number. Submissions may appear in Maclean's electronic files.

Vacuous promises

The disaffection with the status quo in government has never been deeper in Western Canada. We face a daily barrage of vacuous promises from the political elite in Ottawa, reinforced by the myopic view of columnists like Peter C. Newman, whose incessant chair-banging for Jean Charest and lambasting of the Reform party and everyone who agrees with its viewpoint is truly sickening. This country has a crisis of unity and identity because its political Liberal and Tory leaders have over the decades failed miserably to acknowledge the equality of all its citizens irrespective of their cultural diversity or region. Western Canadians have identified this injustice and find themselves reluctant to visit the status quo. The emperor has no clothes, and the status quo simply will not do.

Dr. Paul F. Knoch,
Edmonton

As a result of the election results in the huge shadow Brian Mulroney still casts on Canadian politics. Without Mulroney's corrupting overconfidence, and without his bawling at the Winch Lake and Charlottetown scandals, there would not have been the Bloc Quebecois. And these scandals made Reform a viable choice for westerners. Conservative leader Jean Charest's solemn judgement of his continuing contact with Mulroney probably stopped his campaign cold. Those who Name Prime Minister Jean Charest for the majority status of the current Parliament should cast their eyes downward to see who is blocking the sun.

Kenneth J. Laughlin,
Winnipeg, MB

What a damning assessment of the idea just rejected to govern this country. To suggest that the Christian government might undermine "The nation's financial health for the sake of its own electoral prospects" is to suggest that this government is as morally challenged as it is incompetent. With the legacy of this government be the loss of Quebec and the bankruptcy of the rest of the country?

Ed Davidson
St. Catharines, Ont.

It is amusing to hear comments from Lucien Beauchamp, of all people, and other politicians, that Preston Manning and the Reform party are "Browns" and "Yankees." Unlike the Bloc Quebecois, Manning and Reform are not advocating the breakup of Canada—they are advocating the equality of all Canadians, regardless of language, culture, religion or race. It should also be noted that every time militant politicians and intelle-

THE MAIL

Financial support

Your article on visible selfishness was correct in many areas and should be applauded for taking a leading role in presenting what is occurring in the Canadian marketplace. The headline, however, was appalling ("20th-century socialism," Business, May 26). It recognizes that this was a direct quote from Russell Armstrong of the Canadian AIDS Society, but it should know better than most people the harm done by a person infected with the virus. Whether we like to acknowledge it or not, there are many people out there who are plagued with a terminal illness such as AIDS and who need our support in many ways. You will find that a common problem suffered by people coping with terminal illness is the stress associated with financial pressures.

Greg Davies,
Pawlingville,
Diamond Settlements International Ltd.
Windsor, Ont.

Pulling together

Having been away from Canada for several months I was delighted to get news of home from Maclean's "Your homecoming editorial." The mobility of the people (From The Editor, May 22) about the people of Saginaw moving money for Manitoba extended our view of why I am proud to be Canadian. Our dreams may seem dead, but when the chips are down we set aside political differences and pull together. Two bad attitudes destroy. I know that the same could be said for any countries, but unfortunately it can't be said for all.

Paul Fuchs,
Aldershot, N.S.

'We haven't come far'

In response to Dr. Charles Low's letter regarding the article "Doctors and doctors" (Health in the May 13 issue), I am not disappointed, in 1997, an educated person having these two statements in the same letter: first, "Alternative medicine, as a whole, doesn't work," and second, "Just to call the medical profession closed-minded is inaccurate." We haven't come very far, have we?

David F. Davis,
Thunder Bay, Ont.

Apple's relief?

How about "Apple escapes hostile takeover" instead of "Another blow for Apple" (Business Week, May 12)? Here you note what Apple Computer Inc. had announced a top law firm to help them stave off

the advances of Larry Ellison, chairman of software company Oracle Corp., who would have pulled the company just to get the brand name? Apple's too much a company to come out with guns blazing in the face of started media coverage, so let me do it for them if you can't find space to write more informative pieces on Apple and their remarkable new products, at least update to them, and to the thousands of people like myself who are trying to earn a living selling, servicing and supporting those products.

Don Brown,
Aurora, Ont. M1

of bureaucrats intent on replacing reduced government funding with fees in order to save their jobs. And all this seems to play out to the hands of powerful pharmaceutical interests. I wonder whether the outdated Food and Drug Act of 1953 allows these bureaucrats to act in policy as to how and when regulations are to be applied in the marketplace. Such policy should be set by the members of Parliament elected by the people of Canada to do their will, not by bureaucrats.

Colin R. White,
Toronto, Ont.

Democracy at its best

In Passages (May 19), you mention the resignation of Quebec's chief electoral officer, Pierre P. Côté. It is unfortunate that Côté is brokehearted outside Quebec for changing 88 people with continuing Quebec's electoral act. The next achievement of Côté is to have applied Quebec's new democratic electoral act over the past 30 years since its inception by René Lévesque's Parti Québécois government, an election promise from 1996 that was not broken. Quebec's electoral law has been hailed as one of the world's best. Canada and the other provinces should copy it for the very sake of democracy.

Bruce Zischel,
Pittsburg, Ont.

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Another View



Charles Gordon What the Gzowski fuss says about Canada

There was all this Gzowski stuff in anticipation of his last show. Then there was all the Gzowski stuff about the last show. And then, because this is Canada, there was the anti-Gzowski stuff, the what's-all-the-lamest-stuff-don't-you-know-this-is-Canada, and we don't allow stars here? And now there's the rebuttal, the what-do-you-mean-what's-all-the-fuss-about-stuff.

That's a lot of stuff for one little radio show, *Norwestside*. It says a lot about the country, though, that we can feel so strongly about one radio show, one radio person, actually, that the dispute is both a day of national mourning and the beginning of a multi-universed national debate.

In the coverage so far—and there will probably be lots more—two themes emerge that come close to dominating most discussion in Canadian life. First, there is the notion that Peter Gzowski's show represented all that was good about Canada—the quiet love of country, the sense of the landscape and of history. Second, there is the notion that this first vision of the country as we defined, that Canada as a better, darker place, with dramatic points of view that the Gzowski show did not represent. In this view, *Norwestside* represented a diminishing and outmoded group of Canadians.

Proponents of the first view want the next Gzowski show, whatever it is, to continue along the same gently periodic course. They don't want it to be Americanized, all hip and ironic. This, not to utopize, is the right view.

Addressees to the second view want a program that is sharper, has more edge, more anger. Rick Salutin, writing on this in *The Globe and Mail*, phrased his comments as a critique of public broadcast culture, rather than Gzowski himself. "...I maintain you can show respect without including self-love that is factually untrue. People are seldom to have hostility on the air, given how much of it they have to repress in an average day at work or at home," Salutin wrote. "It is ironic we didn't always serve the show well, for instance, during the free trade debate of the 1980s when most best night have produced more light."

What this all shows is how important the Gzowski show had become to Canadians. Some of this we know is a tongue wagger. Publishers would move heaven and earth to get their authors interviewed on the show. They knew that it raved books in a way that no other type of exposure did. And it was the stage for politicians, musicians, representatives of interest groups and just plain folks. The Gzowski show was the place to be heard.

No wonder then, that every Canadian had an idea of how the show should be. Some wanted it to be cool and urban, others wanted it to be hard and edgy, others wanted it to be soft and rural. That is

too much of a burden for any one program to carry. The Gzowski show couldn't be everything people wanted. And people wouldn't have placed such intense demands on it, had it been one show of many. But it wasn't. There was the Goleenew show in the afternoon and Gzowski in the morning and all those expectations on three.

Because Gzowski's audience is so completely CBC-oriented, many people felt to make much of the fact that there are almost no private radio equivalents, certainly not on a national level. There have been some notable exceptions in the past on private radio but nothing that has lasted. In recent years, air pressure from regulating bodies, such as the CRTC, has ceased. If private radio has no public affairs component, other than the occasional phony-in shows, that seems to be fine with the regulators.

Presumably, advertisers are not bending down the doors of private stations and demanding that they mirror the content of the programming that would attract a Gzowski-style audience. So it continues. Although many more people listen to private radio than to the CBC, the CBC enjoys, by default, a monopoly of a certain type of programming. Because it has a monopoly, it has too much influence on certain areas. A show like Gzowski's was a trademark, too critical to the success of Canadian authors and publishers, for example. That was not Gzowski's fault. It was not his fault he was so good. It is not even the CBC's fault; it is the lack of the private sector competition for not getting into the party, and it is the fault of the public for not demanding it. For risking derision or, at the very least, indifference.

The importance of Gzowski will change the chemistry for one thing, somewhat of the same: the CBC movement has Gzowski as its emotional foundation. With Gzowski gone, the movement will be changed, if not dismantled.

Meanwhile, the end of the good Canadian talk on the radio continues. Gzowski's program at that time was the only one that gave a voice to Canadians who didn't have one, exposed us to what would otherwise have gone unobserved, uncommunicated or kept to another. It is probably so crazy an idea, but wouldn't it be interesting if some of the energy that has gone into mixing money and collecting signatures to save the CBC were channelled into pressure on the private broadcasters to launch their own Gzowski shows and on advertisers to support them?

Granted that some CBC listeners could be persuaded to touch the dial, someone out to private radio had might also a chance. And there is a younger audience out there, attuned to private radio sounds, that might eagerly listen to Canadian voices, as well as add their own. There should be many Gzowski shows, as many points on the dial.

To say that we need the CBC should not be the same as saying we need only the CBC. We need the CBC, and more.

Edited by
TOM PENNY

Towering hoop dreams

Michael Rips' personal statistics speak for him: he stands seven feet, nine inches tall, weighs 280 pounds and wears a size-20 running shoe. A North Korean, he is a Canadian on a 90-day visitor's visa. He played for this country's national basketball team and former Canada basketball team coach Jack Donaghy, who is tutoring him, says he may have what it takes to play in the NBA. Before he can turn pro, Rips will have to overcome the political barrier between the United States and North Korea. Since the 1950s, and the NBA has warned team officials not to sign the player. Korea said, "As far as I'm concerned, he's a Canadian citizen in Ottawa, the 27-year-old said he hopes to be invited to a training camp in July. He also made it clear that if he signed a contract, he will not be sending the money home to his impoverished country. The money will be for his education, he finally noted. If he would be the tallest player in the league by two inches. The cut that R is determined to push his weight to 330 pounds for his next tryout. "The rhinoceros foul," says Donaghy. "Rhinos don't play basketball." Rhinos don't play in the NBA. And in a sport where most courts, Rips must remain in the



Are shopping for the NFL



Confederation Awaits: Thousands of bidders are expected at the sale.

Anyone in the market for a scow?

For nearly three years, 6,000 workers toiled on the 13-km-long Confederation Bridge between New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. The bridge, the longest in Canada, required a massive amount of equipment to build and much of it—nearly 3,100 pieces—was abandoned at the construction site. Later this month, on behalf of the consortium that built the bridge, Ritchie Bros. Auctioneers of Vancouver will hold one of the biggest sales of construction machinery and material ever held in Canada. Just a few of the items on the block: 200 half-ton trucks, 150 600-kg lifts, 680 chomaws, giant trailers used to move bridge spans

boats and scows, another chutes-wharf bumps the size of a house and enough extensive cord stretch from the Island to Tuarua. Ritchie, sales manager Terry Christopher says he expects about 1,600 people to attend from as far away as Bangkok, and customers are being flown in from across North America to help move the thousands of pieces of equipment. As he prepared for the massive sale, Christopher was struck by how quickly the bridge builders had laid following its completion. "This is a really strange one," says Christopher. "The decks still have paper on them—they virtually got up and walked away."

Some royally rotten reviews

[illegible]

Prince
Charles
and
Camilla
at the
wedding

No-show tourism

Hong Kong is bustling with activities—everything from parades, fireworks displays and classical music concerts—to mark the handover of the British colony to Chinese control on July 1. The hotel and tourism industries are expecting things to get much busier in the coming months, with the city expecting an invasion by thousands of foreigners once it welcomes the formal end of 155 years of British rule, many travel agents predict. According to reports to prebook blocks of hotel rooms, but the main reason mainstreamed, according to the British Travel Association, is that as many as 3,000 tourists, or 14 per cent of the total supply of 24,000, are still available. Now, the recommendations have begun, and the association is blaming the foreign press, which it says scared off visitors by predicting that the colony would be doomed following the handover. "The foreign press has misled the public," argues Thomas Rematchuk, general manager of the largest hotel and restaurant of the association. "People think the city won't be safe anymore."

Rematchuk, however, expects to maintain one per cent, many of the rooms were going to 5400. The British Travel Association is administering the Chinese Air Services Area.

Dead man balking

But in execution by lethal injection, was just 40 years away when Cardinal Joseph Stanley Fausler, an death row in a Texas prison for 20 years, got his review. Last week, the 59-year-old former mechanic from Jasper, Ala., learned that his lawyers had secured a stay of execution, and he was not executed—because of the availability of that evidence had been withheld from the defense at Fausler's 1957 trial for murder. A judge will determine whether a new trial should be ordered. Fausler had been sentenced to death for the 1973 killing of Tina Phillips, the 17-year-old daughter of a prominent Chicago lawyer, in the town of Gladewater, W.Va. Neither his family in Alabama nor the Canadian government knew of Fausler's plight until 1994, when they were alerted by Babcock. "Stanley assumed we knew, but we didn't know where he was or what he happened," says Fausler's sister Pat Schick, 64, of Jasper. "It's a tremendous relief." Fausler's lawyers, who are now asking the Canadian government to arrest him, say the Canadian government also argued that Fausler's right to contact a consular official was denied when he was arrested. But not everyone welcomed the stay of execution. Justice Reform MP Art Hanger, a strong advocate of the death penalty, says Ottawa had no right to interfere. Perhaps too often Canadians on death row in the United States—Ronald, South in Montana and Michael, Roger in Missouri—have been sentenced to death.

BEST-SELLERS

THE TABLE

- 10** **THE 100 BEST MOVIES** *Ann Hui/Michael L. Ondaatje*
- 1 *Yankee Doodle Dandy* (1934)
2 *The Faber* (1951) *John Gushue* (5)
3 *Cracking Up* (1989) *Vicki Meyer* (3)
4 *The Best of Times* (1979) *Jonathan Bay* (1)
5 *Good as Love*, *Timothy-Family* (3)
6 *A Sensitive Man*, *Arnold Rifkin* (10)
7 *My Sister Sam*, *Walter Scott* (1)
8 *The Englishman's Boy*, *Greg Finkelstein* (1)
9 *Home & Planet*, *Thomas Fiedler* (4)
10 **WONDER**
- 11** *The Day After*, *John Costello* (1)
12 *Home & Planet*, *David Finkel* (1)
13 *Shakespeare* (1)
14 *Angels in America*, *Paul Christ* (3)
15 *Simple Happiness*, *David Finkel* (1)
16 *Conversations with Dad*, *Paul Christ* (1)
17 *High Water*, *Michael Christ* (1)
18 *Angels in America*, *Paul Christ* (1)
19 *Simple Happiness*, *David Finkel* (1)
20 *Angels in America*, *Paul Christ* (1)
21 *Simple Happiness*, *David Finkel* (1)
22 *Angels in America*, *Paul Christ* (1)
23 *Simple Happiness*, *David Finkel* (1)
24 *Angels in America*, *Paul Christ* (1)
25 *Simple Happiness*, *David Finkel* (1)

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How a star fell to earth



Beloved Swedish-born actress Ingrid Bergman starred as Hallelujah when she had a child out of wedlock with Italian director Roberto Rossellini. In *Notorious: The Life Of*, Donald Spoto traces glittering heights of and then low fall from grace

POP MOVIES

Reincarnating Henry



Peter Fonda—Jimi's brother, Henry's son and Dodge's dad—has made a comeback in *Ulee's Gold*, directed by Victor Nunez, the star of *Easy Rider* plays a recluse who gets stung by being for bank loan based by. With his best performance a misadventure the simple of his legendary father

The arrests in Canada, noted according to law office reports during the seven days that ended on June 17 (the arrests, estimates of arrests being shown.)

1	Use Tax (7/7/21)	\$23,636.00
2	The Cost of Withdrawals (7/20/21)	\$11,473.00
3	The Value Element (7/20/21)	\$1,180.00
4	State Powers (7/20/21)	\$1,436.00
5	Breakdown (7/20/21)	\$2,677.00
6	Cost Mix (7/21/21)	\$2,506.00
7	Adjusted Tax Loss (7/20/21)	\$2,054.00
8	Tax and Loss (7/20/21)	\$571.00
9	Cost Filing (7/20/21)	\$682.00
10	Wash (7/21/21)	\$228.00

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Passages

RETIRED: After 40 years and eight months as host of Gilmore's *Albums*—CBC Radio's longest-running, highest-rated one-man show—Glyde Gilmore, 65. Since his eclectic music show began in 1956, Gilmore has introduced his audience to hundreds of artists and



composers. His vast collection of LPs, CDs, 45s and 78s is crammed into the basement of his Toronto home. The 500,000 Canadians who tuned into his show each week will still be able to listen to rebroadcasts from the CBC archives until August.

DIED: Social activist Helene Tracy, 68, who founded the Elizabeth Fry Society, an agency that helps women in conflict with the law, in Toronto.

WIDE: The National Basketball Association championship by the Chicago Bulls, who triumphed over the Utah Jazz four games to two, in Chicago.

BIRDS: Former journalist and dean of the faculty of applied arts at Ryerson Polytechnic University, **Paul Newark**, 61, of liberal sciences in Toronto. Once a columnist and editor at *Saturday Night* and a senior editor of *Maclean's*, he also served as chairman of Ryerson's journalism faculty.

DIED: Arts patron and clothing executive **Ben Dunkelman**, 83, of cancer, in Toronto. He opened Tip Top Tailors, which was founded by his father, and later opened Dunkelman's Gallery.

CHARGES DROPPED: For tax evasion, against German heiress **Ms. Stefli Sasi**, in Germany. Chief district attorney **Robert Jasko** said Sasi has agreed to pay \$1 million to the state and to charitable causes. The investigation grew out of the Jan. 27 conviction of her father, **Peter**, of evading \$10 million in taxes on his daughter's earnings.

REPRIMANDED: Top Canadian Formula One race-car driver Jacques Villeneuve, 28, who was warned that he must stop criticizing rule changes to make the races safer, by the International Automobile Federation, in Paris, Villeneuve harshly criticized the introduction of narrower cars and grooved, rather than slick, tires to reduce speeds.



REDISCOVERING NEWFOUNDLAND

It is 500 years since Cabot landed, and the youngest province prepares for 'the party of the century'

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

These days, the classrooms and corridors of Matthew Elementary School in Bonaville, Nfld., are like a shrine to John Cabot. A brightly colored mural decorates the life and times of the 15th-century Anglo-Italian explorer who in 1497 became, in the view of many historians, the first European to set foot in what is now Canada since the Vikings landed 500 years earlier.

Elsewhere, a large map charts the course of the Matthew, the replica of Cabot's original ship that is residing in the port of Bristol, England, to Bonaville, where it is due to land on June 24—in a key event in Newfoundland's yearlong 500th-anniversary celebrations. "With every passing day, this thing is becoming more real," says teacher Aubrey Dawe, who documents his students' Cabot-related efforts on the school's Internet Web site. "The children's enthusiasm keeps growing by leaps and bounds."

The 54 students at Matthew Elementary—named after Cabot's fictional son—are among the thousands of Newfoundlanders, both home and away, who are getting ready for what some are calling "the party of the century." Among a people renowned for kicking up their heels, that is no mean challenge, and together the governments of

Newfoundland and Canada are spending \$80 million to make it happen. Some 1,500 acts from across the province have been scheduled to stage more than 70 major events and projects, celebrating the province's rich culture and history through music, dance and poetry. At the same time, more than 70 communities are hosting "come-home year" festivities, enticing back friends and family who moved to distant lands in search of jobs—an exodus that has accelerated since the 1982 cod moratorium cost over 30,000 fishery workers their jobs. But while they have scattered across the country, few have lost touch with their roots. And it is that sense of place, says Newfoundland Tourism Minister Sandra Kelly, which is central to this year's celebrations. "That of what we're seeing," says Kelly, "is a great need to say 'We've been here 500 years. Look at what we're accomplished and just look at what we have.'"

While events marking the 500th anniversary have been under way since January, the festivities are just now shaking into high gear. Last week, scholars and historical buffs gathered in St. John's and Bonaville for a five-day symposium on Cabot. This week, 27 international chieftains will assemble for an 11-day "shining the vision" festival. But the biggest event of all is slated to happen on June 24, when the 30-m, 50-ton Matthew sails into Bonaville harbor—where many historians believe Cabot originally landed. There, the ship's 19-member

The Matthew, Cabot's reconstructed replica of a 500-year-old Atlantic crossing with the help of the Internet, \$20 million and an intention to look at what we have!



crew—among them four Canadians—will be greeted by Queen Elizabeth II. As many as 25,000 people are expected to descend that day on Bonaville, a community of about 6,000 people built along the coast, a four-hour drive north from St. John's.

After Bonaville, the Matthew is slated to visit 16 other ports of call in Newfoundland through the course of the voyage before leaving for Nova Scotia. The wooden square-rigger and its crew have been tested by the elements, including one anti-Atlantic storm that lashed 110 km/h winds and 25-m-high waves. "It's the strongest I've ever sailed on," crew member John Jack Smith told *Matthew's* last week in a ship-to-shore interview via satellite telephone. The 77-year-old Smith, who began his sailing career in 1955 and now resides in Ottawa, added: "She certainly proved herself that storm. She was on top of all the waves—I think you could have walked around the deck in your slippers."

Back on shore, parts of the island are gripped with something akin to Matthewmania. The town of Bonaville is spending \$1.6 million to build its own wooden replica of the ship, which it plans to display as a tourist attraction. In St. John's, yet another giant rendering of the Matthew—this one made out of chocolate—is on display at the World Newfoundland, while sovereign Matthew flags, cross and T-shirts abound. Daring beer companies have also got into the act. Labatt,

an official sponsor of the Matthew voyage, launched its own line of Cabot beer. Molson responded by electing its popular Newfoundland-based brand, Black Horse, "the unofficial brew of Cabot's crew." Black Horse beer comes now about Cabot holding a beer, along with the inscription "After 500 years, a guy can sure with tops there." Labatt's executives were not amused.

In perhaps the most unusual Cabot stunt to date, a St. John's hairdresser brought in a mod and had her hair cut in the shape of the Matthew—precoordinating that were duly videotaped and broadcast on the local television news. All of this hoopla, says Gerald Peters, a historian at Memorial University in St. John's, reflects the way popular culture tries to make sense of a historical figure or event by leaching onto an enduring and concrete symbol—in this case, the Matthew. In terms of Cabot, adds Pothas, this is even more pronounced because of the paucity of historical records about who he was and what he did on his voyages. "The question," he says, "becomes, how do you celebrate something you know nothing about?"

John Cabot is an enigma wrapped inside a mystery. Cabot's records of his voyages have vanished—much like they were destroyed by a jealous son, Sebastian—and his crew left no accounts. The only information comes through the letters of two King



The lighthouse at Cape Bonaville, Sealwood (north), just off the coast

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back agents of the era and from correspondence by a London merchant, John Day.

Born near Naples around 1655 and christened Giovanni Caboto, the explorer was raised in Genoa—ending him of the same generation and city as Christopher Columbus. Like Columbus, Cabot was apparently obsessed with finding a western sea route to the riches of Asia. But he was upstaged by his contemporary, who is generally credited with discovering the New World in 1492. Following that disappointment, Cabot moved to Bristol and appealed to Henry VII to fund his own, more northerly voyage.

After reaching the other side, Cabot plotted a cross and claimed the country for the king of England. But the scarcity of records makes it impossible to say with certainty where he landed. Various historians have argued for several spots including Cape Bonaville, northern Cape Breton Island, and in the area of the Strait of Belle Isle, between Labrador and the northeastern tip of Newfoundland.

Wherever he came ashore, an shoring many of Cabot's 1497 voyage is that the explorer and his benefactor viewed it as a disappointment. It quickly became apparent that Cabot—who had discovered a sea route to Asia—had not discovered a quick route to Asia. What he had stumbled upon, however, was one of the richest fisheries in the world, with the cod as plentiful then as it is today. It filled his ship's progress. But Britain already had a vibrant fishery, and so, for the next century, it was left mostly to the French, Portuguese and Spanish to exploit the riches off the shores of Cabot's "New France Lands." The British formally established sovereignty over Newfoundland in 1713. But it was not until the late 19th century that the first groups of settlers arrived from Britain, going both in a number of fishing communities—including Bonaville—along Newfoundland's striking beautiful coastline.

"The Haywards got back to 1770 in Bonaville," says Wilson Haywood, as he traces forward from his home north coast to make a point. The 71-year-old fisherman, coast from a long line of oars and women who made their living from the sea. He would still be fishing today, he says, except for the 1968 cod res-

A sustaining tradition of warm hospitality and common sense

born. "We didn't class fishing as hard work," he explains. "Fishing was a pleasure."

There is, in fact, a kind of poetry in the way Haywood talks about the history of the fishery, with its plentiful cod and capelin—a small fish sometimes used as cod bait. "Some evenings, beautiful evenings, you'd see the capelin coming in to shore to spawn," he recalls. "The wind would be calm, but when the capelin came it would be like caps at wind on the water and you'd see the cod jump up out of the water, and as down again. They'd be at the capelin, see? So we'd come in, the capelin would come in, and the old folks would be on the banks. And we'd say, 'Boys, let's go in and get a good sleep. Tomorrow morning the fish will be there for us.'"

CABOT'S LANDING PLACE REMAINS A MYSTERY

At that can only be said about John Cabot's voyage to the New World in 1497 is that he left Bristol, England, in May of that year, discovered land somewhere along the eastern coast of what is now Canada, and returned to Bristol on or about Aug. 6. But because no firsthand records of the voyage survived, there is an ongoing—and heated—debate over where Cabot first set foot in Canada. Generations of Newfoundland schoolchildren learned that Cabot had spotted land at the northernmost coast of Newfoundland and exclaimed "O bono nomen!" meaning "oh, how good!" in Cabot's native Italian. But the residents of Cape Breton, N.S., are convinced that the landfall oc-

curred south of Cape North, on the northern tip of the island. And on June 28—four days after Queen Elizabeth I attends the 500th anniversary celebration in Bermuda—Cape Bretoners will honor that belief by gathering at Cape North for their own day of ceremony.

The Cape Breton commemorations—a part of a nation-wide series of special events marking the 500th, have failed to gain anything like the profile accorded Newfoundland's initiatives. While organizers for Newfoundland's celebrations received \$20 million in government funding, their Cape Breton counterparts received only \$748,000. Even now, following Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, Governor General Roméo LeBlond, British High Commissioner Anthony Goodenough and British Ambassador Andrea Cossentino all declared intention to attend the June 28 anniversary at Cape North. "We're working in the shadow of Newfoundland," says Bob Desroches, head of the John Cabot Meeting Society, a nonprofit group that is spearheading the Cape Breton effort.

Like most other Newfoundland inshore fishermen—those who ply the waters no further than a dozen kilometers off the coastline—Haywood blames the decimation of the cod on an ill-timed and the huge dragger ships that first appeared in the 1940s. "Those boats were like tanks, or like oil tankers, or like nuclear submarines," he says. "They put their draggers out on the bottom and they cleaned it out," says Haywood. Now, with reports of cod returning to coastal waters, Haywood would like to see the Bonaville inshore fishery reopened—but with a ban on overfishing and on the dragger. "People could make money pay their bills, build houses and pay taxes," he says.

Haywood's neighbor Hubert John Reed, 65, echoes that sentiment. The 71-year-old is a disabled by the illness he was in Bonaville since the cod moratorium put many fishery workers on the dock year-round. Reed recalls the stories of hardship passed on by his father, who was a friend of the legendary Joey Smallwood, himself the eldest of 13 children in a poor family from the tiny outport of Carleton Place. Smallwood's answer to the island's economic woes was to push for union with Canada, a goal he achieved in 1949 after a slim majority of Newfoundlanders approved the move.

Reed knows that many Newfoundlanders still rue the day they joined Canada. For them, the island's golden era began in 1852—when Newfoundland, land without control over its own government from Britain—and ended in 1959, when the island, faced with crushing debts, reverted to colonial rule.

But Reed will have none of it. "I was born in Canada 15 years later, he says, bemoaning the economic anxiety Newfoundland needed. "If we didn't have Confederation," he adds, "I don't know where we would have went to."

In many ways, Bonaville today reflects the uncertainty about that land's position in the spotlight, the super-bait tale of its friends and enemies who are leaving—or thinking about it—in search of better lives on the mainland.

In recent years, Newfoundland governments have tried to address the issue of Cape Bretoners, on the northern tip of the island. And on June 28—four days after Queen Elizabeth I attends the 500th anniversary celebration in Bermuda—Cape Bretoners will honor that belief by gathering at Cape North for their own day of ceremony. The Cape Breton commemorations—a part of a nation-wide series of special events marking the 500th, have failed to gain anything like the profile accorded Newfoundland's initiatives. While organizers for Newfoundland's celebrations received \$20 million in government funding, their Cape Breton counterparts received only \$748,000. Even now, following Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, Governor General Roméo LeBlond, British High Commissioner Anthony Goodenough and British Ambassador Andrea Cossentino all declared intention to attend the June 28 anniversary at Cape North. "We're working in the shadow of Newfoundland," says Bob Desroches, head of the John Cabot Meeting Society, a nonprofit group that is spearheading the Cape Breton effort.

But studies by expanding the province's economic base. The \$6.8-billion Hibernia offshore oil rig, which is expected to begin drilling on the Grand Banks by mid-August, will provide some much-needed economic relief. But it is also a reminder, says Bonaville's John Day, of the need for other services, including tourism, agriculture and high technology. "People—whose public persons in some ways resembles the excellent Newfoundlanders—excludes confidence. "We've got business to do and we know how to do it," he says.

Still, in rural Newfoundland at least, some unfettered optimism is hard to find. The focus remains on reopening the cod fishery—which began to happen, on a very limited basis, this spring in the northwest. A sense of humor helps to lighten the mood. In anticipation of the Queen's one-day visit, Bonaville residents have watched in amazement as long-neglected roads receive a paving and RCMP officers sweep the harbor for signs of sabotage. And they gently dismiss outsiders' concerns about how they plan to accommodate three tens of visitors when Bonaville's few hotel and bed-and-breakfast establishments have been badly booked for as long as three years (many will stay with friends or family; others will have to camp). "We're not trying to fool anyone," says the town's mayor, Don Tremblay. "You just can't go to an international event in a small community and expect to find a place to stay."

Among the visitors will be representatives of the Ottawa-based Assembly of First Nations. By staging protests during the Queen's visit, the assembly hopes to make the point that Newfoundland has little reason to celebrate. They intend to emphasize that, in the 300 years since Cabot's landfall, native people suffered as a result of diseases and disease.

Native protests and fishery woes may yet detract from the celebrations. But even Newfoundlanders who have seen better days appear in the mood to party. "Oh, it'll be a time," says Haywood of the Bonaville hosts. "We'll be all night as long as we make sure that everyone has plenty to eat." It is the kind of hospitality—and common sense—that has helped Newfoundlanders survive for 500 years, and that should set them in good stead for the uncertain times ahead. □

In part, Cape Bretoners have themselves to blame. While Newfoundland began organizing its effort in 1992, the Cape Breton group waited until May of last year to bring forward proposals of its own. Still, there is a story in the government-led and media-inspired efforts to honor the New Scotian effort. Prior to Newfoundland's Confederation in 1949, Canadian settlers mostly agreed that Cabot landed in Cape Breton. Many still hold to that belief. Based on their interpretation of the historical records, storm conditions and the southeast force of the Labrador current pushed Cabot's ship past its undisturbed Newfoundland to Cape Breton. Opposing scholars argue that Cabot could not have reached Cape Breton without first sighting Newfoundland. "No one was going to arrive it one way or the other," observes Desroches. "We just don't want to be ignored."

BRIAN BERGMAN

A SENSE OF PLACE

BY SANDRA GWYN

Call him Gaffler. It's Newfoundland for young boy Elliot Ishmael in *Major Mack*, the eponymous hero of Kevin Kavanagh's powerful new novel, to be launched aboard the sailing ship *Matthew* on July 3, has no last name. When we meet him, he is an outport teenager, tormented by the death of his father in the 1980 Ocean Ranger oil rig disaster. Endlessly, he roams the shoreline. One day Gaffler battles himself with seal fat, and heads far out to sea. By mysterious alchemy, he is transformed into an amphibious creature that can swim as tirelessly as a codfish, as well as back and forth across the boundaries of time. Once, he gets caught in the net of a Spanish trawler. He encounters Virginia Bartlett, protesting the 1977 seal hunt, and three-trawler farther back, to encounter Cabot. He goes forward to the middle of the 21st century to see Newfoundland, entirely bereft of its fishery, turned into a gigantic theme park. Partly a fairy tale, partly a polemic, *Major's* ninth novel—now 47, he lives in St. John's and is best known for young adult fiction—surprises even its author. "I'm not sure where the idea came from," he says. "But I think I wrote it out of a sense of betrayal about the destruction of the fishery."

Amphibious is also the theme of Patrick Kenney's brilliant first novel, *Goat Town*, published last month and already a cult success. It is a lyrical tale, with overtones of James Joyce's *Ulysses*, about a single day in the life of a small Irish-Catholic seaport, as it would have been on June 24, 1944, just before Newfoundland joined Canadian Kavanagh's novel is full of the bit of Newfoundland voices, and his knowledge of the nooks and crannies of Newfoundland folklore is profound.

Remarkably, he wrote most of it while living in Beijing in the mid-2000s, having left home two decades earlier to work around the world for CIBC and Amnesty International. "Everything I ever wanted to say about Newfoundland is there," says Kavanagh, who is 46, and now lives in Ottawa. For him, the land—the Newfoundland word for that open-air, ever-present space between high and low tide—is the repository for all that truly matters about the island. "That is the cradle of our civilization," he says. "In 500 years of history, hardly anyone went inland beyond, they belonged to both land and water, and so did everything else in the pattern of their lives—quod, capite, fish."



Writer: 'This new crowd is so much more confident than we were'

fishes, icebergs, even the Newfoundland dog, with its webbed foot." Sense of place, fierce and overpowering, suffuses the work of all Newfoundland artists, from the eclectic paintings of Christopher Pratt to the myrmecine art of the gang behind the hit TV comedy series *The Four Horsemen*. *Amphibious*, though, is a new form of art, which is to fit Newfoundland scenery and stories. Some see it as a "new art." "When I first came to Newfoundland, I realized I was in a society for more 600 years than the rest of Canada and Quebec," observes Ontonario painter John Hartman, 47, who, in the way things happen in Newfoundland, I met over dinner at Major's house. "The sea here is as important as the land." The product of his perception is an evocative series of what he calls "narrative landscapes," depicting craggy disease victims, that sold out last month at Toronto's Allen Gollard Gallery. Others, the working greens and browns and reds and whites in Hartman's work make it hard to tell where land leaves off and sea begins. *Amphibious* has up spots in the cool, minimalist photographic installations of St. John's artist Marlene Croates, recently shown at the McMichael Canadian Art Collection in Glenside, Ont. Croates, 45, explores the land/sea like a cartographer, charting the interdependence of weather and tide and human settlement.

Amphibious was one of my discoveries when Marlene's as signed me to go down to St. John's, where I was born, to write the piece. It fascinated me because it was so different from those aspects of Newfoundland art that other Canadians are familiar with, the impeccable professionalism of the island's best-known painters Christopher and Mary Pratt, the rascous sense of Mary Walsh, aka

Major Delicacy, and the rest of the 22 Minutes quartet, and the messy eloquence of CBC personality Ann Murphy. Most of all, *Amphibious* fascinated me because it was yet another illustration of the farthest island's farthest past exists in Newfoundland. Back in 1976, when it was all just beginning, when there were only the Pratts, and a few other painters, and Croates, the currently tragic that would eventually give birth to 22 Minutes, plus an agitprop theatre collective called The Muzzners and the folk-rock band Fingy Duff. I wrote an article for *Saturday Night* magazine called "The Newfoundland Renaissance," about "the intricate and exciting flowering of art and theatre on Canada's poor bald rock." After celebrating the scene, I built an escape hatch: "Can these flowers endure?"

Such a lack of perception. Such an absurd lack of nerve. Today, there are flowers growing in every crack and crevice. "Think of Venice during the Renaissance," says Mary Doherty, a professor of English at Memorial University and also a poet who has written a wickedly funny poem on Margaret Atwood's maladroitness remark

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Artists are mining a rich cultural legacy

about adding Newfoundland to her Atlas. Grace looks over her last bill because "they need cheering up." Notes Daloz: "The harbor is our Grand Canal, and we're exactly the same size as Venice was then. There's the same creative ferment, the same combination of isolation and cosmopolitanism, the same intimate connection with the sea."

Absurd not exaggerated, perhaps. Yet Daloz has a point because there is so much stuff going on here, because there is so much fun in the air—despite all the economic gloom and doom, or perhaps because of it—until also because there is a confidence now a surprise sense that art in all its aspects, and of the highest order can be produced here.

A visit downriver's comparison is Glasgow. Like Newfoundland, the gritty old city on the Clyde lost its original principle of the shrouds are shrouded in fog. Yet Glasgow deserved its designation as European Cultural Capital in 1992, and it continues in a state of artistic vigour. Glasgow's style is remarkably like Newfoundlander's: raucous, rowdy, bawling and with restless energy. Like Newfoundland, it is peopled by a homogeneous tribe, where everyone and only knows everyone and they love them, or loathe them.

The thought about Glasgow came to me while I was talking to St. John's novelist Benvenuto Magno. The catalyst for much of his temporary art in Toronto, I had remained, was downing, and more particularly, multi-cultural diversity. "Our sub-culture is dense, they came back maturely. I came out of blind anger, anger about colonization, anger about what religion did to us, anger that my grandfather once had to go up in hand to someone else's grandfather."

The focus expression of Magno's anger is a gripping epic novel, *Atlantis: Promise*, narrated last year by Ireland's top literary award, that gives fictional form to Newfoundland's history from early settlement to the collapse of the fishery in 1982. *Atlantis: Time*, now the 1995 Canadian Authors Association prize.

"No one had ever told us what we were really like. We created a society out of nothing. Magno, 61, said passionately that he could read it. "Glasgow's tradition," he stated, "is tea and on the sea, the political and the economic darkness, the Irish wet and verbal piousness, the map of relationships within extended families, the lowering climate, the stark landscape, the wild sea, and the ever changing landscape in between them. It is any wonder that Canada's liveliest, upstart, most creative arts scene should be here, in Canada's poorest city any way out on the eastern edge of North America?"

The first place to get into the action is the LSPU Hall. There's a great display of wall-to-wall the crop left behind the overboard the board. Once it was the headquarters of the Longshoremen's Protective Union. Now, in the description of Andy Jones, one of the original members of Colco, it is "Newfoundland's National Theatre," a 200-year, artist-run collective that produces one of the highest proportions of Canadian work in the country, nearly all of it written in Newfoundland. The best collected in a handsome new anthology, *Stories in the Sky: Morning*. "The Hall," as everyone calls it, is a metaphor for everything that has happened in the province's renaissance since I landed in 20 years ago. Now it has put down roots, here, after a lot of heartbreak and anger and even fist-fights. These first wild creative impulses have matured into a flourishing, although still drastically underrepresented, tradition. At the

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LSPU in the early 1980s, with shows like *Make/Time* with the Nooks, about wartime St. John's, and *Terror de Barrocas*, about the Portuguese White Fleet.

Wald moved beyond setting into writing and directing. A decade later, George Thaneby heard his rubber-faced style, and Rob Moore spoke his first convincing monologue. Both were new stars of *82 Nowhere*. There is a third generation at the Hall, including a troupe christened Artistic Crowd that recently put on a gay musical romance. "This new crowd is so much more confident than we were," says Wald, 45. "They're doing shows much more urban and sophisticated than anything we dreamt of. Yet when I watch them I just hit my bump in my throat. It's like all that heartbreak was worth it. It's like we've created a continuum."

The keynote of that continuum is Andy Jones, brother to Carby, at



Greene photographs that chart the interdependence of weather, tide and human settlement

so of 22 Minutes. The work I was there, Jones, now 40 and married, so in St. John's after a three-year Toronto sojourn during which he produced and toured black-on-moon shows about rubble and rain. Still alive, was performing his latest show, *King of Pain*. It's a host of Calcho's plays get condensed into three minutes, a reader becomes a bishop, and Jones directs the eight parts of the Newfoundland Lancers all by himself. Yet there were moments when the show became something deeper, a reflection on the nature of life itself. Jones, his first great commitment in a serious way, was just across the line in being, in the delphic phrase of St. John's critic Paul Rowe.

Later, I caught up with Jones, and related him that long ago, he had told me "We're going to turn St. John's into the curiously centre for North America." Andy, I say your crowd has just about done it. "I was young then," he replies ruefully. "This older and wiser now. There have been, he reflects, some terrible times: the death from AIDS of machinist Colco colleague Tommy Steen, the slump he himself went into after getting Colco on principle, when the CBC refused to show a sketch about him on national TV that prefaced all the revelations about beatings and sodomy at Mount Cabot. (Eventually, it did get on the air.) "It's one thing to be doing what you love doing," he says. "It's another to have the light and power man at your door, threatening to cut you off."

Then Jones's mood shifts abruptly. He starts talking about a new show he is writing for CBC Radio called *The Modern World Explained*. He quickly shifts to the local issue that has suddenly developed about a new series, Dewey Gordon, starring himself and Wald, which Mary Stiles, Tommy's sister, is producing for the CBC network. There is also a raffleman film called *The Strawberry Visitor*, about St. John's Baptist coming to St. John's, due to start shooting in August. By now, Jones is reading all names and projects so fast that my ball point can scarcely keep up. "It's exponential," he says. "There's nothing like a snow here else in Canada. I fall a slow last winter with 25—that's right, 25—young couples are kids in high schools are putting on all our old Colco shows and they're at so writing their own stuff." Jones pauses and slows the pace. "If I'd ever thought when I was in high school, yearning to be an actor, that I'd be living in St. John's, my then on my own on the mainland, putting on a show about the human condition, watching a whole new generation of talent growing up, I guess I'd have thought I was in heaven."

If there is truly a heaven, Newfoundland artists agree, the late George Story is writing down. This tall, elegant professor of English at Memorial, who died in 1994 at 66, is a juster star of the Newfoundland renaissance. Like painter Christopher Pratt, he demonstrated to Newfoundlanders that it was possible to stay on the island and be excellent. A Rhodes Scholar and an expert on Erasmus, Story came home in 1924 as a fledgling lecturer here like emerging new Dark Age, he came told us. In the early post-Confederation years the idea of taking Newfoundland a rich oral culture seriously seemed ludicrous. English students were required to learn to speak "Colloquial." Pratt recalled "I was never left-out on throwing the whole of our heritage and the wisdom," he said. "I was usually almost single-handedly. Story changed all that. Newfoundland's language became his magnificent obsession. The crowning work—at least 30 years—was the *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*, published in 1982, a superb work of scholarship that is also an affirmation of Newfoundland itself. Ancestress novelist E. Anne Prosser is the first to say that she could never have written *The Shining News* without it. Arch Jones dipped into it while brewing *82 Nowhere*. Based the word whangging, which means little kids whangging and giggling—as in, "stop your whangging!"—and built the whole show around it.

Story put his mark on generations of students. Rex Murphy, Patrick Kennedy, came from away John Fraser, who went on to become editor of *Sunday Night* and is now master at the University of Toronto. The *Shining News* editor, Arch Jones, dipped into it while brewing *82 Nowhere*. Based the word whangging, which means little kids whangging and giggling—as in, "stop your whangging!"—and built the whole show around it.

Kids, ages, a big old fish cake with lots of tomatoes and garlic up to St. John's morning 7000s house on Penzance Road, the cultural precinct of George Story gallery for Sunday brunch. The energy is palpable. Singer and balladeer Ron Hyman, who film made



Andy Jones: "It's one thing to do what you love. It's another to have the power man at your door."

Rosemary House about his new CD, *Face to the Gull*. She tells him about the portrait of St. John's she is showing for "National Film Series of Canada." Broadway Mary Doyle and Ed Rader—the hosts a CBC classical music show, and he co-writes the play *St. John's* after marriage. *The Great Reveal*—talk about how great it is to be on the national network and still be able to live in St. John's.

I scribble notes on all that, and then move out to the dock to listen to a couple of young writers. Michael Winkler and Leo Moore, who have both recently published well-reviewed collections of short stories. They are of the new generation, Canadians at heart, Newfoundlanders. They are not into anglophone or Newfoundland history, or politics. Their stories are urban and postmodern. Both have spent time out at Hall's, at writers' workshops. Yet neither has any intention of living anywhere else. "It's the sense of being connected," says Moore. "I feel very lucky to be writing in a place where my grandparents lived, where my parents were born, where I grew up." Adds Winkler: "I can compete with any poets anywhere. That the thing is, there are just so many great stories here. I've been to Toronto to state of education, thinking about it a high dose that I was not born here for good. Yet after thoughts came me, once that I cannot support. For all the brave hopes of Mary's Bay and Hibernia, Newfoundland's economic future looks increasingly bleak. There is the 1970s. The population is declining. Above all, the fishery that created this quirky and passionate little society, and yet continues to sustain it, still Newfoundland's economic life, and now, when the fish are scarce, it's hard to talk about that. We cried when the mackerel came on," says Wald. "Now I think we're living in death." Adds Jones: "We've gotta be doing something here. We can't all be writers." He talks about a letter epiphany that came to him last summer at the annual theatre festival at Trinity, while watching a revival of the late Michael Cook's 1976 play *The Abbot, Gull and Sandstone Bones*, performed in a setting that seemed like a scene of poverty. "Jones says: 'I was thinking we were watching a play about being in a place where there was no more fishing.' He goes on to know about the 'commensuration of the culture.' The arts drenched down into tourist attractions, exported into these places, as Kevin Major performs in Guller."

While writing this piece, I too have an epiphany. It happens when I drive out to the McMichael gallery to look at Marlene Creech's exhibition. The walk I am most drawn to is titled *Is Love in Gloom*. It consists of a collection of Newfoundlanders and Labrador, in which Creech has asked in the names of selected authors. All I realize, how cheerful, kind-of-biting names: Fortune, Harts's Content, Bread and Butter Plot, Happy Adventure, and my favorite, Little Heart's Case. "This place was settled with optimism," writes Creech in the catalogue. "We still live here and we have to live in optimism." □

*If I'd known
I was gonna live this long,
I'd have taken
better care of myself.*

- Eubie Blake at 100



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The new cabinet sits for a photo session: how will the same old politicians solve the bewildering array of problems the government faces?

Old faces, new jobs

Introductions were hardly necessary. Of course, there were a few new faces among the federal cabinet ministers who congregated from the swarming ceremony at Rideau Hall into the straining Ottawa heat last week. And Prime Minister Jean Chrétien did give some old names different responsibilities. All told, though, 28 of the 30 cabinet members and senior ministers were part of the government's inner circle before the June 7 election, which saw the Liberal's rocky majority shifted to 155 seats—a net four seats away from a majority government. Despite the scare the Liberals received on election day, the Prime Minister seemed happy with what he termed his “new” crew. “We have an excellent team to lead Canada into the new millennium,” he boasted to reporters at the ceremony. But amidst the pomp and circumstance of the occasion, at least one big question went unanswered: how will the same old politicians solve the bewildering array of problems that still will be faced by their chastened government?

As usual, the making of the cabinet went out into stable political agencies about the government's priorities and intentions. In addition to Chrétien, there are 22 other Ontarians and Quebecers in the group, reflecting Liberal strength in the centre of the country. But the Grits also reached out to disenchanted western voters—one of the 15 Liberal MPs elected west of Ontario were made cabinet ministers

Canada

or secretaries of state (junior ministers who do not have full cabinet rank). Victoria MP David Anderson took over Fisheries from Newfoundland's Fred McMillan, a move applauded by M.C. Premier Glen Clark, who is locked in a contentious battle with the United States over declining fish stocks. The high-profile position of justice minister also went to a westerner: Allan Rock of Edmonton (page 28). An elite lawyer was hired out of Atlantic Canada, where the Grits were sink their sharpest election rebuke. Out of 11 MPs—down from 31 in the last government—in declining the loss of two smokers—Rock received cabinet posts.

Other choices drew less attention but could be no less significant. By leaving the key economic portfolios in the hands of fiscal conservatives—Paul Martin at Finance, John Manley in Industry and Marcel Masse at the Treasury Board—Chrétien is clearly reinforcing calls to slow spending. Indeed, aggressive deficit reduction will continue until the books are balanced, he suggested last week. The challenge of running a government with such a slim majority explained why Chrétien replaced a personal favorite, former deputy prime minister Sheila Copps, with the vastly more experienced Herb Gray. At the same time, Ontario's intransigent Don Cousens was promoted from the lively post of minister of international co-operation to the key position of House

Leader, where he will run the day-to-day operation of the Commons. But even with these changes, the precariousness of the Liberal majority was the government's most laid down its guard: failure to have enough Grits in Parliament at any particular time means the government could risk losing a non-confidence vote. For the immediate future, however, the animosity among Reform, the Tories, the New Democrats and the Rose Quebecers seems too deep-seated for them to form an anti movement front.

That does not mean, however, that the Liberals can afford to be complacent. Within the Liberal caucus, signs of strain are already beginning to show. At this point, no MP base had the tenacity to voice their complaints openly, as have disgruntled Liberals outside Central Canada, who loudly blame the Prime Minister—or his recent political setbacks—for the decline in party fortunes. “Chrétien has to remain halfway through the term and we need to get Paul Martin there,” says one longtime Liberal worker in Calgary. “At least he is willing to listen to advice. Chrétien has closed his mind to ideas.”

And privately, MPs from the left wing of the party have argued that the 30 seats lost in Atlantic Canada prove it is time to skip cutting government expenditures and start spending again. Last week's events probably did not make them feel any happier. Before the new cabinet was announced, a number of MPs suggested that the government was likely to move to the left and “be Liberal again.” But Chrétien, along with Martin, scoffed that talk. “We're on course,” reiterated Chrétien after a two-day cabinet retreat last week, “and we will maintain our target of having no deficit within two years.”

Still, there have been dramatic shifts since June 7. For one, never before has a government faced four officially recognized parties. Last week provided a vivid demonstration of what lies ahead in the splintered Parliament. No sooner had the swearing-in ceremony ended, than the four opposition leaders trooped, one after the other, before the media cameras in the National Press Theatre to take their shots at members of cabinet. It got personal when Reform Leader Preston Manning—whose 10-member caucus is predominantly from Western Canada—accused the Liberals of using patronage promises to bring in the Edmonton seat and warned that his party will be reaching her “like a hawk” for any political payoffs. A baffled McLean simply replied to Manning, “as usual.”

Allan Rock, who had a rough ride during 39 years in the justice portfolio, is unlikely to find life any easier as minister of health, a job that came upon after Cape Breton MP Donald Douglas lost his seat. His mental challenge

after years of coping with men from the health-care system, he said, help rebuild the Liberals' reputation as a compassionate party, by saving the beleaguered medicare system and, as he promised last week, even expanding it with universal pharmacare and home-care programs. “It is a wrong attitude,” noted Dr. Ja-dith Kozminski, president of the Canadian Medical Association, “and I think this signals that health is a top priority.”

The message was less clear in Art Eggleton's appointment as minister of the Strategic Department of National Defence. Eggleton, previously international trade minister, told reporters he only learned he had inherited the portfolio—previously held by defeated New Brunswicker Doug Young—when Chrétien called and said, “I'm pleased to have you back.” Eggleton likely will face his first hurdle when the Somalia inquiry report, expected to be a scathing indictment of the senior defence leadership, is released at the end of the month. Then there's the arbitrary's poor morale and the shrinking defence budget.

Even in Atlantic Canada, the appointment of four cabinet members, including New Brunswicker who became government leader in the Senate after Alberta's Jeyar Subramanian stepped down to open up a seat for the cabinet's only Nova Scotian, does not seem to have the desired effect. Says Agnes Adamson, a political science professor at Nova Scotia's Acadia University: “The region is without a strong voice at the cabinet table.” A few new faces are one thing, but they remain a government with coast-to-coast problems.

JOHN DEBONTE with DALE EISLER in Calgary



Chrétien turns to trusted MPs for his new cabinet

Copps replaced by Herb Gray

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

On the face of it, finding office space for Canada's 301 MPs should not be that difficult. After all, there is enough room—if only just—in the six buildings in downtown Ottawa that make up the prime minister's precinct. But a past experience is a good guide, there are likely to be some cramped spots when members from the five parties finally find out who gets which offices. Following the 1992 election, a turf battle raged for weeks. A revolt of Reform MPs, newly arrived in Ottawa, demanded better locations and the same amount of space as the Bloc Québécois, who were then the official opposition. In reality, however, Reform's anger was aimed more at the government Liberals, whom they believed were favouring the separatists. This time, government whip Bob Kiger has been charged with keeping order among those jockeying for a prime spot in a status-conscious place: “Of course we all want to be in the Centre Block,” he says. “But what's important is the job you do, not where you do it.”

With 50 members, Reform now enjoys the perks and extra funding that go with being the official Opposition. But party whip Chuck Strahl remains wary of government manoeuvring. “Last time, all we got were the jobs and feathers and we were spread all over Gadsden's area,” he recalls, referring to the anarchy scenario in 1993. In this go-round, the Liberals again get first crack, and as usual, all the party leaders and whips have been reassured places in the Centre Block—Parliament's top accommodation. Incumbent members also are assured they are permitted to trade up to the vacant offices of former MPs, which means that the best spots are quickly claimed. As Strahl concedes: “To the victor go the spoils.”

In addition to the Bloc Québécois, which is now the third party with 44 seats, the New Democrats with 21 and the Tories with 20 are both drawing for docking space. NDP whip John Solomon, who is expected to trade up to the party's new MPs in 1993, said last week he does not foresee the same party vindictiveness “Kiger seems to be inheriting,” Solomon says. “I'm sure he wants to avoid opposition hostility before the new Parliament opens its 31st session over office-space bids. If for the ability of MPs to deal with matters of substance, there is no reason why they will not be made aware when each MP will actually sit in the House of Commons. Now that will require diplomacy.”

LURA FISHER in Ottawa

A rising western star

Edmonton lawyer
Anne McLellan
gets ready to take the
heat in Justice

BY DAVID ESKINER

Long ago, Anne McLellan learned to accept a daunting task with enthusiasm and a sense of duty. Growing up on her parents' dairy and chicken farms in Nova Scotia's Annapolis Valley, she helped guard the pigs produced by the family's flock of hogs. All 17,000 of them McLellan accepted her responsibility with the kind of self-sufficiency evident in her personality today. "We're all a product of our upbringing and I didn't see it as work," she says. "It was fun, something you did to help out." Senior dedication will again come as readily for the 46-year-old McLellan, who emerged last week as a major figure in Jean Chrétien's cabinet. As the new justice minister, and a member of all four cabinet committees, McLellan finds herself not only the most powerful woman in the cabinet, but also the youngest. With the job of rebuilding Liberal fortunes in Alberta, all the more time she must standharden her way around two of the government's most diverse and emotional issues: national unity and gun control.



McLellan: the most powerful woman in the cabinet

has assumed control over patronage appointments and the spoils of power, making her a kind of political matriarch for Alberta.

But McLellan's profile and status is certain to grow far beyond her home province. This fall, the Supreme Court is expected to rule on the federal government's reference challenging Quebec's constitutional right to secede unilaterally. Thus, the minister McLellan will be front and centre in advocating the federal position—the so-called Plan B—that sovereignty denounces as an attempt to deny the democratic rights of Quebecers. Liberal strategists hope West-emer will see McLellan as a signal they are being heard in Ottawa on the unity issue. To make sure the message does not elude people, McLellan makes the point herself. "I hope people understand how significant it is that the Prime Minister has a westerner in this role," McLellan said Monday. "It speaks to my belief that

national unity is a concern of all Canadians."

Others, however, worry that McLellan's position as justice minister can also present problems for the Liberals in the West. University of Lethbridge political scientist Peter McCormick says giving a westerner control of Plan B can be interpreted two ways. It might reassure the West, or it could be seen as an indication that Plan B has been re-granted. "I think Chrétien can use an either way on this issue, but McLellan could be used as a kind of sacrificial lamb who goes down if the reaction is too strong," he says.

Perhaps more problematic, McLellan is seen as a proponent of social policy and her academic career includes writing from a distinctly feminist perspective, and the sort of questions that will confront her to many socially conservative westerners who have given Reform a political stronghold in the region. While leads directly to the often delicate issue McLellan's former gun control. Initially, replacing former justice minister Allan Rock—the architect and leading advocate of gun control—with a westerner has done little to alter the bad feelings gun owners have towards the Liberals. "There is nothing about Anne McLellan's appointment that makes us feel any different," growls David Thompson, president of the Edmonton-based National Firearms Association. "The Liberals are the main enemy of the gun community." But

McLellan argues that the government's re-election validates its gun-control law and she intends to push ahead, albeit with a willingness to consider other opinions. "I want to respect the legitimate views of all the stakeholders, especially the gun owners. I say the legitimate gun owners have nothing to fear."

McLellan's greatest strength could be her pan-Canadian background. She got her law degree at Dalhousie University in Halifax, and taught at the University of New Brunswick before joining the University of Alberta law faculty in 1980. As such, McLellan believes she represents regional alienation. "Many major western Canadians feel a high degree of exclusion. I will feed that and carry the message to my colleagues," she says. Typically, McLellan looks forward to a difficult job with enthusiasm, even though many believe it could be an impossible mission. ☐

Obituary

Death of a legend

Stanley Knowles spoke for the downtrodden

He transcended partisan politics. Stanley Knowles, the longtime conscience of Parliament, died in Ottawa 25 years ago to improve the plight of the weak and poor. His work ethic and group of parliamentarians procedure was never-ending. When the dignity was in jeopardy that always kept him above the rough and tumble of the political wars. For one prime minister Joe Clark remembers being a young Conservative MP embroiled by one of Knowles's

knowledges on a procedural technicality—and the way the legendary parliamentarian crossed the floor and sat down with him for a 30-minute pep talk. "With Stanley, you had a sense of collegiality in the fraternity of Parliament," recalls Clark. "He was not an ideologue at all, his attitude was more Christian than socialist."

Knowles, who died last week just days short of his 99th birthday, never really drew a distinction between his legislative and political work. "I knew he was a man of great integrity," Prime Minister Jean Chrétien said in a statement last week, adding that Knowles had a "passionate commitment to making Canada a better place."

Devout and compassionate, he had true empathy for the downtrodden. And no wonder. Knowles was born in California on June 18, 1908, after his staunchly Methodist parents emigrated from Iowa to British Columbia to seek their fortune. "We lived in broken and poverty-stricken Knowles, who came to Canada at age 14, worked as a printer to pay his way through Brandon College in Winnipeg before becoming a United Church minister. Many years later, he would still reach out to his mother and proudly put his membership card in the garment store. But even as he demanded that governments display Christian compassion for those suffering during the Great Depression, he realized it was "not enough to preach these things from the pulpit. That is to get into the struggle."

In the 1930s and 1940s, there was no set

terplace for that than Winnipeg, the centre of Canadian socialism. Knowles twice ran unsuccessfully for Parliament under the banner of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, the precursor to the New Democratic Party. Then in 1943, he won a by-election in West-Nepean, Ontario, where the seat was vacated due to the death of party founder and leader J.S. Woodsworth. So began an astounding run in Canadian political history—a string of 13 federal elec-

tion and re-election campaigns. Knowles kept his seat in 1945, 1949, 1953, 1957, 1960, 1963, 1968, 1972, 1976, 1980, 1984, 1988, 1992, 1996, 2000, 2004, 2008, 2012, 2016, 2020, 2024, 2028, 2032, 2036, 2040, 2044, 2048, 2052, 2056, 2060, 2064, 2068, 2072, 2076, 2080, 2084, 2088, 2092, 2096, 2100, 2104, 2108, 2112, 2116, 2120, 2124, 2128, 2132, 2136, 2140, 2144, 2148, 2152, 2156, 2160, 2164, 2168, 2172, 2176, 2180, 2184, 2188, 2192, 2196, 2200, 2204, 2208, 2212, 2216, 2220, 2224, 2228, 2232, 2236, 2240, 2244, 2248, 2252, 2256, 2260, 2264, 2268, 2272, 2276, 2280, 2284, 2288, 2292, 2296, 2300, 2304, 2308, 2312, 2316, 2320, 2324, 2328, 2332, 2336, 2340, 2344, 2348, 2352, 2356, 2360, 2364, 2368, 2372, 2376, 2380, 2384, 2388, 2392, 2396, 2400, 2404, 2408, 2412, 2416, 2420, 2424, 2428, 2432, 2436, 2440, 2444, 2448, 2452, 2456, 2460, 2464, 2468, 2472, 2476, 2480, 2484, 2488, 2492, 2496, 2500, 2504, 2508, 2512, 2516, 2520, 2524, 2528, 2532, 2536, 2540, 2544, 2548, 2552, 2556, 2560, 2564, 2568, 2572, 2576, 2580, 2584, 2588, 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Canada NOTES

THE COHO CRISIS

Stocks of coho salmon are so low that Canada may be unable to offer increased quotas on the species as part of its negotiations with the United States on sharing fish stocks. When federal officials surveyed catch results from 11 C. waters last April, they found only 13 coho had been caught in areas where fishermen normally take about 13,000. The talks over fish quotas, which collapsed on May 26, are scheduled to resume this week.

HOMOLKA'S MOVE

Karl Homolka, sentenced to 12 years for the sex slayings of two Ontario teenagers in 1991 and 1992, will move from the aging Kingston Prison for Women, which is scheduled to close, to a new low- and medium-security prison in Joliette, Que. The facility, where inmates do their own cooking and cleaning, has been dubbed Club Fed.

A WONDERFUL LIFE

For the fourth consecutive year, the United Nations designated Canada as the best country in the world in which to live, leading its ranking on health, education and standard of living.

DEFLATING AIR BAGS

The federal government asked car manufacturers and the provinces to agree on the need to discontinue air bags in certain circumstances. These include situations where rear-facing baby seats must be placed in the front seat, or where children must sit in the front seat. Several deaths in Canada and the United States have been blamed on the powerful impact of the rapidly inflating bags.

INSURANCE RUI-FLOP

The B.C. government promised to attempt public and industry pressure to reinstate its plan to introduce re-insurance. The province had originally tried to sell its scheme as a way to avoid premium increases of up to 26 per cent over the next three years, but opponents said it would not be in motorists' best interests and would only reward bad drivers.

POSTAL RAID

Police in Moncton, Que., west of Toronto, raided Canada Post's Gateway sorting plant after numerous complaints by mail recipients. They seized 115 packages against 22 mail handlers.



RIDING NOT SO HIGH: A red-coated RCMP horseman parading in the streets of Nagaya was not enough to push Calgary past Nagaya, Japan, which won the right to host Expo 2001. Fifty-two member countries of the Bureau of International Expositions voted for Nagaya, while Calgary garnered only 27 backers, despite what Canadian observers said was a superior bid. According to the Calgary team, the city could not match the financial incentives offered by Japan. "It became clear in the last month or so that economics were far more significant," Calgary Mayor Al Duern said. "We can't promise sustainable plants and the companies."

Truth and lies in the Morin case

The Ontario inquiry into the wrongful murder conviction of Gary Paul Morris had a shocking testimony from Janet Jussop, mother of nine-year-old victim Christine. Jussop and police presented her testimony at Morris's first trial in 1986, at which he was acquitted, and again at his retrial in 1992, which ended in a conviction. He was cleared in 1995 on the basis of DNA evidence. Jussop said she left out when she arrived at her Queenville, Ont., home on the day her daughter was abducted in 1984, adding 25 minutes to her original estimate of 4:10 p.m., at the suggestion of the investigating officers. They had their initial recollection of the time left

Morris with an unimpeachable alibi—since he had punched a time clock when he left work—and that a neighbour would go free if she did not change her story. "I felt they were the authorities and maybe I was wrong," she said. Harman Krumholz, who was 16 when his sister was slain, echoed his mother's account, testifying at the inquiry that police doubted his father's judgment by accusing Morris of being a serial killer whose family protected him. "It was almost as if they were trying to keep us convinced it was him," Jussop said. Morris later told reporters: "I think it is obvious they wanted a conviction any way they could—their own passion, coercion, contaminating the truth."

Forest fire season returns with a vengeance

Some relief—if only slight—was in sight late last week, after hundreds of fires had wracked parts of California in Mendocino, Ontario and Quebec. Near Timmins, Ont., an out-of-control blaze prompted an emergency call to evacuate 480 residents. The last of the 1,300 residents of Weymouth, about 350 km northwest of Quebec City, were being transported to safety after being forced to flee south to La Tuque. Firefighters in Manitoba, meanwhile, benefited from cooler weather and contained a fire at Spruce Woods Provincial Park. By week-end, thunderstorms in Ontario and Quebec had firefighters worried that lightning strikes could easily ignite dozens of new blazes.

Africa's challenge

Everywhere, said it was horrifying. Bullets and artillery rounds whizzed through the air. Bodies lay spewed amid broken glass and spent shells, backbone civilians caught in the cross fire of yet another African power struggle, and with weapons rather than words. Until a few weeks ago, Brazzaville, capital of the Republic of the Congo, boasted calm tree-lined boulevards and Parisian-style cafes that served croissants and coffee to busy women and diplomats. But the calm was shattered when President Pascal Lissouza sent his soldiers to the home of his political rival, leader-jockey Gen. Denis Sassou-Nguesso, and tried to take away his private militia. As battle erupted, French troops led evacuations but took of more than 1,000 foreigners trapped in their homes watching the laser for streets past their windows.

About 3,400 km to the far west along Africa's Atlantic coast, the tiny republic of Sierra Leone was in the throes of a similar crisis. In Freetown, junior officer officers had fired hundreds of rounds from the capital's jail, including Maj. Johnny Paul Koroma. He was being held for participating in a coup, and when he was liberated he staged another one—against the elected president, Ahmad Tejan Kabbah. Koroma joined up with leftists rebels, but they failed to maintain control of the city. As in Brazzaville, fighting in the streets led foreign

troops—this time Americans—to evacuate about 2,400 foreigners. Across the Congo River from Brazzaville, President Laurent Kabila was still consolidating power in the country previously known as Zaire and now, confusingly, as the Democratic Republic of Congo. The former rebel leader was also facing sharp international questions about the claimed massacres of 60,000 Hutu refugees in the east of the country. In neighboring landlocked dictator Mobutu Sese Seko Konde Ngbendu, Kabila had liberated the continent's third-largest country, said, at effect, unchained the heart of Africa. But his commitment to democracy and human rights, though declared, was still unproven.

The events in all three countries showed how the power of the gun in still paramount in much of Africa. But across the continent, there is an increasing determination to curb that power so that nations can finally advance to a new age of globalized trade. "The old ways must change from single parties and military dictatorships to pluralist democracy," says Sam Mwaide, director of the Policy Research Group of Nairobi. "We need to decide what exactly democracy should be in an African context—and how we can have leaders who are secure with the ballot and not need to fear the boys in the barracks."

As events last week showed, that is no easy task. In Brazzaville, it

was the run-up to a planned July presidential election that precipitated the violence. Arafat calls for a ceasefire, government forces and rebel soldiers known as "Cobras" and "Mujah" ruled the streets. Authorities said the death toll could run into the hundreds, even thousands. In Sierra Leone, people convinced by the Freetown in the wake of the May 25 coup. Rebels said robbers, murders and rapes were frequently carried out by armed men, some believed to be criminals released in Koroma's jailbreak. His term ended, for the moment at least, a brief period of democracy for the impoverished but resource-rich country. Kabbah was elected in 1996 after the first free elections in more than 30 years, while Nigerian troops separated warring factions.

But the Sierra Leone episode provided an ominous alarm in spite of a summit of the Organization for African Unity in Harare, Zimbabwe, early this month. "Africa can no longer accept the seizure of power by the gun," said United Nations Secretary-General Kofi Annan at Geneva, who attended the meeting. Zimbabwean President Robert Mugabe, chairman of the organization and himself a former guerrilla leader, occurred. "We are getting tougher and tougher each time," he said. "There's a fire of affliction to coups and illegal governments."

The organization's solution was hardly a masterpiece of consistency, however. Sanctioning military force to end the Sierra Leone coup, the summit endorsed the job to Nigerian troops, who have remained in the country. Their commander-in-chief is ruthless Gen. Salim Abdullahi, who came to power in 1997—in a coup. "There is no room for arms and force," said Gen. Abdullahi, director of the South African Institute for International Affairs. "Africa is trying to reconstitute democracy which it does not have at home." Mugabe and other or government officials reject that line of thinking, because Africa has provided a presidential election in Nigeria by October, 1998.

Western governments remain involved in the continent as they have been since colonial days. But now, they are more likely to use financial pressure rather than military might to pursue trade and push democracy. In Kabila's Congo, international aid will be halted to his dictatorialism to democracy and his human rights record. Last week, he agreed to allow a UN team to investigate reports that his army killed rebels have systematically killed thousands of Hutu refugees in recent months. And diplomats are trying to ensure that even though Kabila came to power by force, he will be legitimized with the ballot, as have leaders in Kenya, Ethiopia and Uganda. In his inauguration speech last month, Kabila vowed to hold presi-

Leaders vow to curb the power of the gun



Dead rebel in Sierra Leone. U.S. troops stick to rescue efforts

idential and parliamentary elections in April, 1999.

No matter what happens, Mugabe's downfall has an increased chance of possibilities for free trade in the region. His former enemies, leaders from Angola, Burundi, Rwanda, Uganda and Zambia, all attended Kabila's inauguration and are Kabila's allies. Uganda's president, Yoweri Museveni, said that with Kabila in power, a hole in Africa had been filled, paving the way for an African common market that could link the east to the west, and central Africa to the southern regions. At the old Cold War political conference in taking the dominant role is how the West views Africa, says Canada's deputy high commissioner to Kenya, Paul Bludworth. "We have moved from and to trade," he says. "Governments have to attract business. To do that, they have to have stable capitals."

Many African leaders seem to understand that. "I think there is a second wave beginning to come," says Robert Shaw, a member of the political opposition in Kenya, where President Daniel Arap Moi is under increasing pressure to liberalize. "It's more than just democracy. It's a new generation of people more proactive with ideas and more willing to run a nation the way a country runs a business. Like Microsoft. With less the leaders."

Uganda's Museveni took control after a coup in 1980. Last year, he was elected president, and a referendum on allowing political parties to resume activities is set for 1999. Although Museveni does not practice the democracy common in the West, he is seen by many as the new breed of African leader who may finally bring Africa the political stability it has lacked for decades. "Museveni is getting there," says analyst Mwaide. "Somewhere in the process for growth he will find a model that reflects Uganda's characteristics and will uphold the ideals of democracy, and he will make it work."

Western governments say they want to encourage African leaders to make their own decisions. In Brazzaville, French troops moved inland only, despite a history of political interference in Africa. In Sierra Leone, U.S. forces disarmed the rebel effort. In the West, the back-of-the-standards in right. The economy has labored in Africa, he argues, because it is transplanted from the West. As Africans work towards building institutions reflecting their own history and cultures, he suggests, the social conservatism of leaders may finally build governments that can endure challenges from within.

JENNIFER GLASSIE in Nairobi

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WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS

WORLD

man dressed in black shooting at her dad," he says.

Most of Algeria's 29 million people live in poverty while the rulers' families stand out as the country on shopping trips to Paris and Rome. According to diplomats and other observers, all major business transactions in Algeria have to be approved by the generals who receive healthy cuts from each deal. "The regime has mismanaged the country," says Mohamed Benmoussa, a retired political science professor who now lives in an ex-empted government security compound on the outskirts of Algiers. He says the people who voted for the Islamic Salvation Front, the fundamentalist party that gained mass popular support in the early 1990s, sought to exact revenge as a government that held responsible for 38 years of corruption and mismanagement.

With massive natural resources, Algeria's economic performance should be better. In the past two years, the country has topped the list for most new oil deals in the world and is one of the largest exporters of natural gas. International cartels have not reacted harshly, despite the political instability.

International governments, on the other hand, have remained reluctant to get involved in the war. The United States has refused to use its France-Algeria former colonial ruler. But the French, who have seen Algeria's resources exported to their oil with bombings in the Paris metro system, have called the conflict a problem for Algerians to resolve themselves. Most observers say that both countries, worried that Algeria will become an attritional base for terrorism, have quietly ended with the regime's regime.

The leadership has slowly gained some legitimacy in its attempt to retain the memory of the 1992 coup. President Liamine Zedrou, widely considered to be a disfigurement, was voted into office in 1995. The Islamic Salvation Front has been banned, and with the parliamentary elections on June 5, the government solidified its hold on the state apparatus. The results gave the newly created, pro-government National Democratic Rally, a substantial lead with 325 seats out of 580 although both Algerian opposition parties and many international observers accused the government of vote-rigging. But regardless of the outcome, rules restricting the legislature were assured that real power would remain with the military regime.

Zedrou has postponed the elections as a sign towards making the country's long crisis. But without military Algeria's opposition seems to have waned. "My motto is: forget yesterday, but today don't think about tomorrow," says the university teacher. For tomorrow, as he is well aware, may bring new violence—aiders, fanatics and often too terrible to imagine.

STEPHAN LONGBURY in Algiers

World NOTES

A RIFT WITHIN NATO

The White House was accused of pre-empting a July summit in Madrid on NATO's expansion by announcing it would support the admission of only three former east bloc quartets: Poland, Hungary and the Czech Republic. In response, Germany joined France in pushing for Romania and Slovenia to be admitted as well in the first phase of the 27-country alliance's enlargement. Canada has also backed the two as members.

HONG KONG BOYCOTT

U.S. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright and British Prime Minister Tony Blair said they would stay away from the swearing-in of Hong Kong's newly appointed legislature when they attend ceremonies marking the territory's July 1 handover to China. But Australia, New Zealand and Japan said they would not join the protest against the body which Beijing set up to replace a legislature elected under the British. At week's end, Canada had not said what it would do.

MIDDLE EAST FLASH POINTS

Handfuls of Palestinians claimed with Israeli troops in Gaza as new efforts to restart the Middle East peace process stalled. An Egyptian envoy failed to make headway with Israel on Palestinian demands to freeze Jewish settlements in Gaza and the West Bank. The U.S. House of Representatives, meanwhile, argued Arab leaders by passing a resolution backing Jerusalem as Israel's undivided capital.

A TORY FRONT-RUNNER

William Hague, a 34-year-old former cabinet minister, emerged as the leading candidate to replace John Major as head of Britain's Conservative party. Hague placed second in the initial round of voting, behind former chancellor of the exchequer Kenneth Clarke. But later, two candidates expected to back Clarke threw their support to Hague. A second round was due to be held early this week.

CONVICTING A SKI BUM

A Connecticut boy found Alex Kelly, 30, guilty of the rape of a 16-year-old girl in 1986. Kelly became a symbol of privileged youth in trouble when his family benched him eight years of travel abroad—including skiing in Europe—to keep him from facing trial.

A death sentence for McVeigh

Heidinger, 30, of Oakfield, had been held back for years and called him "a child my mother could be proud of." His father had played a videotape of happier times and produced his own film. But the plans and the questions were not enough to win clemency for Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh. In Denver last week, the district court gave him a corrected McVeigh on June 2 of multiple murder sentenced him to die by lethal injection. The decision brought a sense of rushed relief to victims' families in Oklahoma City. Jim Deery, whose children were severely injured, declared "The punishment fit the crime."



McVeigh's father, sister Jennifer and mother outside court appeals

During the concluding perjury phase of the eight-week trial, the jury of seven men and two women had to decide whether the 29-year-old Gulf War veteran should be put to death or given life without parole. The prosecution called 38 witnesses, many of them sobbing, to describe the horrors of the bomb blast that destroyed the Alfred P. Murrah Federal building on April 19, 1995, killing 168 people. The defense sought to humanize McVeigh, calling relatives and former army buddies. Only when his divorced parents, William McVeigh and Mildred Fraser, pleaded for their son's life did he show

any emotion, occasionally winking at his eye. Legal experts said McVeigh's conviction could come relatively quickly—within a few years—if he is unsuccessful in the appeals process that automatically begins in any death sentence. They doubted that the Supreme Court would hear the case. While the appeals go on, the state of Oklahoma says it will put McVeigh on trial for the murder of 106 of the victims. This federal trial—his last—will conclude last week—covered only the deaths of eight federal agents.

Affair of the general

A top U.S. air force general who admitted sexual misconduct withdrew his name as a candidate for chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Gen. Joseph R. Rife, 53, said he wanted to end the controversy over his nomination. Although Defense Secretary William Cohen had given Rife his full support, opponents claimed the general's 1985 affair with a captain while he was separated from his wife showed a military desecration in dealing with sexual matters. The Pentagon had recently dismissed or transferred other officers involved in adultery, which can be a crime in

military law. Rife's troops had pointed especially to his recent discharge as the first female B-52 pilot, Kelly Frank, after she admitted she had concealed her relationship with a married civilian.

Rife's resignation was not a double standard, and his supporters pointed out that he had his liaison while taking a course not while in command of troops. Rife, they argued, was bounced for going to her superior, B-2. Rife's withdrawal after talking with commanders who indicated a reluctance to approve his promotion, from vice-chairman of the Joint Chiefs, Cohen said he would review military rules on sexual indiscretions.

Campeau is back

A fallen tycoon resurfaces to build homes in Berlin

BY NOME MORRIS

The most German town of Tellow looks almost as if it were now as it did seven years ago, when the Cold War ended and authorities belatedly let the concrete wall separating it from the wealthy West Berlin suburb of Zehlendorf. At about that same time, Canadian real estate magnate Robert Campeau fled North America, leaving creditors to pick over the wreckage of his debt-laden property and retail empire. Now, at 73, Campeau has resurfaced in cobblestoned Tellow, new builders joined to work on a \$650-million subdivision that dwarfs every other housing project in the region. Just 25 miles from the long-awaited groundbreaking for Mulhender's luxury Mill Village—a 500-acre community that will hold 1,800 upscale homes, including villas, duplexes and four luxury apartment towers. Also planned are shops, a kindergarten and a park with an artificial lake for swimming.

It is an astonishing resurrection for a beleaguered patch of Canadian business. Born in Sudbury, Ont., and a millionaire at age 30, Campeau came to prominence the fastback, debt-financed 1980s. American business writer John Butcher called the entrepreneur's fall in the title of his book, *Going for Broke: How Robert Campeau Bankrupted the Allied Industry, Jailed the Junk Bond Market and Brought the Economy to a Standstill*. Campeau's karmic return to real-estate-making in the \$2.3-billion takeover of Federated Department Stores, owner of Bloomingdale's and other U.S. chains—sparked a frenzied debt spend that almost destroyed his Toronto-based real estate company, Campeau Corp. In August, 1990, the board of directors of the firm he had deeply strangled him of the chairmanship. "Campeau was in such deep water here, his ship got swamped," remembers New York City estate consultant Alan Milstien. "Now he is reinventing himself."

After four years of wrangling with authorities near Berlin, Campeau got final approval for Mulhender in April. His new firm, Berl Bau GmbH, quickly set up a trailer on a grassy field bisected by an unopened bike path. Across the road from the site is a derelict Communist-era apartment house, its windows shattered. It is a dramatic counterpoint to the huge billboard nearby that proclaims, with trademark Campeau confidence, "Mulhender—yes, you want to live here." The developer is selling the project to locals as the lifestyle of the "Campeau—the key to better living," reads another slogan. Inside the trailer, a friend of Campeau's 39-year-old son, Daniel, reads a magazine as he waits for the curious to drop by. Peter van Roon greets across the building site, boasting of Campeau's plan to run a shuttle bus to the nearest commuter rail station used in new one-lane links the suburb to Berlin. During, as van Roon calls him, is vice-



The \$10-million Austrian chateau, a "first-class buccannery" wife now calls himself Doktor

president of operations for BerlBau, the company that, together with a prominent Düsseldorf-based bank, owns the Mulhender project.

The older Campeau, who declined to be interviewed by *Money*, still lives with his 35-year-old wife, Iva, in a \$10-million Austrian chateau he built in 1981. (The property is officially owned by a Luxembourg trust.) In keeping with European farming, the housekeepers now call it *Waldhof* Doktor Campeau, for the baroncy Phil gave him by Lancaster University in 1985. He stayed, he says, working from the Berlin offices of Toronto architect Eberhard Zander, one of a small but accomplished circle of Canadians who have joined such U.S. executives as Ronald Lauder, former head of the Steve Lauder cosmetics empire, in investing in the Berlin area. Zander, architect of the Toronto Eaton Centre, designed the entire Mulhender project. The Campeau subdivision wraps a 16-acre drive from Gernsdorfer, where it crosses Peter Milster's Trudolfshaus Camp, its building is 11-million-luxury park.

Campeau's decision to North America shook their heads at the mention of his new venture. "It was assumed Campeau was living high on the hog in Europe," said Milstien, who closely followed the U.S. department store collapse. "His record here is deplorable. He escaped with his life. Mulhender calls Campeau a 'first-class buccannery' who is using his proceeds as a politician to stage a comeback. 'If you get far enough away from your debacle, people forgive and forget.'"



Campeau with his wife, Iva, in 1985. European formality

But it has not all been roses for Campeau in Germany. Elise Neuh Campeau was often frustrated by the insularity of the formerly Communist city and by rigid German building codes. At one point, says Campeau's trade attaché in Berlin, Campeau lashed out in the local press against the "Commies" he considered to deal with. To make matters worse, German journalists dredged up his North American experiences, sowing doubts about his credibility. He was held ransom for permission to build. The German tabloid *Der Spiegel* called the Campeau entrepreneur "Mr. Bankrupt." Andre Quelin, then Canadian foreign minister, helped out by writing a letter supporting Campeau, confirming he has never been declared bankrupt in Canada.

ROBERT CAMPEAU'S RISE AND FALL...AND RISE

1950 A Grade 6 dropout, Campeau founds his own construction firm and earns kudos as a quality builder with his first subdivision in Ottawa.

1959 Campeau Corp. goes public with assets of \$70 million and revenues of \$25 million.

1985 Campeau's expansion from housing to office development culminates with the building of Toronto's Scotiabank Plaza.

1985 Campeau uses loans and junk bonds to finance a \$4.5-billion takeover of Allied Stores Corp. Two years later, he wins a bidding war with retail giant H. H. Macy and Otis to buy Federated Department Stores Inc., owner of Bloomingdale's, paying \$3.2 billion.

1990 Allied and Federated department store chains both file for U.S. bankruptcy protection.

Campeau is fired as chairman and CEO of the firm he founded and disappears for several months.

June, 1992 Campeau's department store company, Berl Bau GmbH, is partnership with the Westfälische Immobilienbank, begins to work on a \$650-million housing project in the Berlin suburb of Tellow.

True, Campeau has never been personally bankrupt. But it was left to his successor as chief executive of Campeau Corp., Stanley Hartt, to settle the financial ruckus. Hartt, a Montreal lawyer and former adviser to three prime ministers (Brian Mulroney, presented a restructuring plan in early 1992. That changed the company's name to Canada Corp. and traded all of its U.S. department store operations for long-term debt of \$50 billion in debentures. Campeau also recovered \$140 million by selling all of its other U.S. holdings. "We now have no assets, no debts and no claims in the U.S.," Hartt said last week.

Canada is another story. Campeau is still pursuing a \$17-million suit against Campeau for unpaid loans. The National Bank of Canada, meanwhile, has won him over a \$50-million personal loan guarantee. Campeau turned around and paid Canada for similar loaned. He then sued National Bank and another Canadian shareholder, the Rothmans family's Olympia & York Development Ltd., for \$1 billion, claiming they deprived him of financing to rebuild the company. "His tactic is always to file a 90 times bigger lawsuit to try and force a settlement," says Hartt. "He has been very clever at leading all his creditors."

The already no-nonsense, appeals court 1-10 reduced to leave Campeau's \$4.6-million claim against the Austrian property. An Ontario trial date will be set later this month. The asking price for Campeau's mansion in Toronto's exclusive Bridle Path area has dropped from \$15 million in 1991 to \$7.5 million. But the house is on the Campeau name, having kept her husband's name, as Hartt puts it, "indiscreetly." Adds Hartt: "The sale of the Berlin company is locally incorporated, and that the shares are in his wife's or his son's name."

While Campeau left a lot of angry people in North America, there is a grudging respect for him in Tellow. The town could gain up to 5,000 jobs from the project. "He's quite a maverick," says Mayor Stephen Kluge. "For his age, he has not only a wealth of experience, but he knows how to negotiate—and he holds his ground." Campeau, adds Kluge, has done all the negotiating through a German interpreter. Many fights with the towns council revolved around infrastructure. But there was also a faction who daily opposed the project because, unsettled by press reports, they did not trust Campeau. Others did not want to see their former formal village turn into a residential suburb. Then the project was approved. Now, BerlBau has a staff of 25, and 34 buyers have reserved in the first of Mulhender's three phases. Two five-floor apartment buildings are sold out, and ads appear in newspapers as far away as Bonn and Munich.

In Canada, a so-called downender is back on his feet. Robert Rothman's son, Phillip, is taking on charge of the new St. John Properties Corp. next month. ("That," says Hartt, "should make Robert Campeau happy.") Campeau runs Florida and Toronto, but he divides most of his time between the Austrian chateau and his office in Tellow. He will retire, says a close aide, "I wish he was no more," says his wife. "He may be an arrogant old fart, but he's the brains. I am the feeling he expects it." Campeau will no doubt enjoy his grasshoppering ceremony next week, doing locals with a project that marks a return to the business that made his name 40 years ago, building quality homes for the upwardly mobile. □

BANKING BREAKTHROUGH

Mutis Page & Co. of San Francisco were unprecedented (approval from Ottawa to sell loans in Canada without having to abide by banking regulations or opening a Canadian office). The U.S. bank, specializing in small-business loans, did not say when it will launch its service. It will solicit clients in Canada by direct mail, telemarketing and the Internet.

MORE TIME FOR EATON'S

T. Eaton Co. Ltd. received two more months to devise a plan to reverse the auto equipment slump after the Ontario Justice (John Hogg) also extended Eaton's period of bankruptcy protection by 74 days. Eaton's is seeking court approval to divide its \$50-million surplus from its directors' pension fund among 20 former directors, none of whom belong to the Eaton family.

BLACK WOLF NOT BUDGE

Press Inc. owned Black held out to top his \$925,000 bid for full control of Beutham Inc. after institutional investors said the Toronto-based newspaper chain is worth more than its \$29.56 a share Black is offering Beutham's investors recommended shareholders accept the deal.

ANOTHER SUITOR FOR AULI

Parmalat Finanzaria SpA of Italy is trying to pay \$412 million to buy Auli Foods Ltd. The Toronto-based maker of butter and cheese recently rejected a \$300-million bid from Spaulds Group Inc. of Montreal, which owns 18 per cent of the company. Auli directors say they will recommend that shareholders agree to Parmalat's proposal.

PRICE-FIXING PROBE

European Union regulators raided the European offices of U.S. agribusiness Archer Daniels Midland Co. as part of an investigation into alleged price-fixing in the market for amino acids. Last year, the U.S. government fined ADM \$135 million for fixing prices for citric acid and lysine.

VOISEY'S PAY DELAY?

Leo Ltd. CEO Michael Voisey warned that abnormal land-claims inquiries may delay development of its massive Voisey's Bay nickel project in Labrador, at Ottawa and Newfoundland bid to negotiate agreements with native groups since.

Gates turns on to cable TV

Microsoft signed Bill Gates gave the beleaguered cable-TV industry a \$1.38-billion boost by purchasing an 11 per cent chunk of Comcast Corp., the fourth-largest U.S. cable company. Cable stocks soared on news of the deal, which revealed questions hopes that cable companies will test their own competitors in the battle to deliver new services overlink the Internet and television. "This is monumental," said Ted Rogers, CEO of Toronto-based Rogers Communications Inc., Canada's largest cable company and the owner of the publishing company that includes Maclean's. Still, the industry's revival is far from complete. Already mired in debt, it is faced with spending billions more to finish upgrading its network to offer high-speed, two-way transmission of digital signals.

The Comcast acquisition is the latest step by Microsoft to transform itself from a soft-



Gates (right) and Comcast president Brian Roberts shake hands after the announcement of the deal.

ware firm into a multimedia company. Earlier this year, Microsoft paid \$580 million to buy Web TV Networks Inc., a maker of set-top boxes that link the Internet and television in use. Microsoft now needs a high-speed network to deliver its online news, entertainment and shopping services into homes and broaden its reach beyond computer users.

And "That is a God damned misuse of shareholders' money," said as enraged Greg Cherry, a Bix-X shareholder from Aurora, Ont. The Calgary firm has already run up \$517,000 in legal bills. Price Waterhouse has collected \$275,000 and private detectives hired by Bix-X to probe the limit have billed about \$1 million, despite its spectacular fall. Bix-X and its affiliate, Bix-X Minerals Ltd. and Bix-X Resources Ltd., still have about \$80 million. Price Waterhouse estimated

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

Stock markets soared to new highs on signs that U.S. inflation is under control and interest rates will remain steady. U.S. wholesale prices fell for the fifth straight month in May—the lowest string of declines in 45 years. U.S. retail sales also dipped. Both indicators reassured investors that the U.S. Federal Reserve will not raise rates when it meets July 2.

The optimistic outlook for interest rates cut the cost of borrowing on the U.S. bond market, prompting Canadian lenders to reduce all mortgage rates by between

a fifth and three-fifths of a percentage point. The lower rates promise to boost an already brisk housing market. New housing starts jumped 10 per cent in May to an annualized rate of 152,300 units.

MORTGAGE RATES

1-year closed	5.2%
3-year closed	6.5%
5-year closed	7.15%

SOURCE: NATIONAL TRUST

"Consumers have been only buying stocks instead of stocks. Inflows to U.S. equity mutual funds totaled a whopping \$18.5 billion in May, up 18 per cent from April, and the initial data for June show no letup."

—Nehruv Burre

"The housing market has moved right across the country, but especially in southern Ontario and Alberta. In our view, this recovery is fairly robust and not about to run out of steam."

—Royal Bank



Peter C. Newman

Why Jean Chrétien must take a left turn

This is his first post-election caucus. Jean Chrétien last week committed his wounded party to supporting what he called the "radical centre."

It's a wonderfully meaningless Canadian phrase, reminiscent of the Fathers of Confederation who labelled their handwork "a self-governing colony." Still, there is a solid echo of meaning in the Prime Minister's pronouncement. What Chrétien was trying to tell us is that despite confusing budget constraints, the election did deliver a message, and that he intends to listen.

That message was that politics is about caring, not fiscal conservatism.

However, living the pre-election liberal government's promises, Chrétien and his devoted roster of ministers will try to give it a human face, to demonstrate that they are not uncaring administrators who sit in their offices when it comes to meeting social programs, but (as Bill Clinton's phrase) can "feel the pain." That's not exactly revolutionary, but it is a time when Canada's needs are in the ascendancy and any flatter of compassion by any government is rewarded as a sign of weakness, at least it's a start.

The newly christened "radical new vision" that he can't keep slinking the social programs that originally created his party's political following, and not suffer the consequences. On June 2, he lost most of the Liberal's Atlantic Canada left-of-centre vote, and so the least move away from his first-term shift to the right and scurry back to the political centre.

Such a transformation is squarely within Liberal traditions. The party has managed to retain power for two-thirds of this century by championing policies that can best be described as radical populism. The Liberal's original move in that direction was carried out by Prime Minister King in the 1940s. So that recipients of social programs like old-age pensions and the new Ontario health insurance, King insisted that all such payments be made to everybody. That was the birth of universality, an elegant policy in any government has ever sponsored. Even if it would a lot of money. Under King, the Liberals moved sharply to the left, accepting the welfare state as what he called a "liberalizing force," and prepared an extensive network of social services for the return of Second World War veterans. It was this time that underpinned the growing political support that might otherwise have gone to the CCP's predecessor, the NDP. Unlike the NDP, where Winston Churchill's Conservatives, who took no such precedents, were defeated by Clement Attlee's Labour Party—Canada's Liberal administration survived these post-war elections. Louis St. Laurent and Lester Pearson, who succeeded King, were equally adept at maintaining the rise of both the political left by dramatically extending the welfare state and the right by (at

least) creating an economic climate that kept the business community reasonably happy. They raised oil and gas prices and thereby allowed the government to increase its social programs without a major increase in the tax base, and so on. Ironically, it was Pierre Trudeau, a cabinet member of the NDP who slowed down the process by refusing to let his government after its 1968 election to new social programs, though he expanded spending in other directions, such as regional development. But Brian Mulroney's Conservatives moved so sharply away from the Tories' traditional middle-way economic policies that by the time Jean Chrétien won his party's leadership in 1990, attitudes at right and left, the contest between Liberals and Conservatives had become a determined struggle for the centre.

When Chrétien moved to the right after his 1995 budget, the political equilibrium was disturbed. By radically slashing the social welfare programs that had kept the Liberals in power for so many generations, Chrétien allowed the opposition parties, even Reform, to gather significant strength at Liberal's expense. The Liberal leader seemed to retreat this early on in the recent election, pledging new expenditures on health, education and welfare worth \$8.5 billion in the next four years. But it was too late.

About 10 years later, the Liberal's shift from the right to the "radical centre" in the historical shift taking place in other democracies. Only the day before the Canadian election, France's centre-right coalition was severely defeated by Lionel Jospin's Socialists. That was only 30 days after Tony Blair's Labour Party swept out Britain's right-wing Tories in the United States, as well, Clinton triumphantly returned to the White House with increased support but November, though the 1990 mid-term congressional elections had been a Republican rout.

What all these elections have in common is the winners' pledge to maintain the social nets that still exist and expand government help at such key sectors as education, training and research. The other common factor is that the citizens of every country are demanding some sort of protection against the random ravages of the global economy. In Canada's case, that would mean imposing stronger controls on the elder shores at business ethics, and raising domestic control of vital sectors of the economy. French Prime Minister Jospin expressed that thought by pledging to create a "protective state," promising government intervention to ward off some forms of large corporate and industry. In Canada, that would mean we have to find similar policy options to expand his country's and prove that he really is interested in the claims to be in making employment prospects.

In his first term, Jean Chrétien acted as a caretaker: now he must govern, or quit.

The cyber snoops

How Internet gunshoes breach personal privacy

Can you shoot a neighbor's mortgage? Wondering about a co-worker's marital history? Eager to inspect somebody's bank statements? In the computer age, all such information, and much more is for sale. Tapping a vast range of government, legal and medical databases, dozens of computer technicians are peddling personal details on anyone—no import willing to pay the price.

San Diego-based Spy Express Inc. runs TV ads boasting that, given only an individual's name and state of residence, it can provide that person's address, marital, and professional history and a list of interests—all in minutes and for a minimum fee of \$33. Sacramento's Cyberfile Investigative Services runs a more basic search which, for \$12.95, will tell up to a person's Social Security number, last six addresses and current phone number, as well as the names and phone numbers of their neighbors. More expensive searches yield more intimate details. Finding someone's bank account number, says senior partner Steve Kuehler, costs at least \$150.

All of the information is legally obtained, much of it from public records. But while consulting a criminal database, says regulars of watching through records scattered in scores of institutions, it can now take only a few clicks of a mouse. Jack Reed, president of the National Council of Investigative and Security Services, based in San Marcos, Iowa, estimates that at least 200 information websites can be found on the Internet, ranging from state companies such as Lexis-Nexis and West Publishing Co. to smaller outfits like Cyberdata.

The ease with which personal information can be collected is good news for people who want to track down deceitful debts or long-lost relatives but a nightmare for people who guard their privacy. In response, last week in Washington, the regulatory U.S. Federal Trade Commission launched workshops aimed at generating solutions to the problem—under the threat of cracking down on the information service industry unless companies act soon to protect consumer privacy. Eight of the largest information retailers announced a set of voluntary guidelines that include limiting the sale of private information such as Social Security numbers to subscribers with "legitimate" needs and banning dis-

tribution of private data about children. A prototype project devised by the World Wide Web Consortium, a group that coordinates Internet standards, aims to balance the interests of both the providers and the users of Web information. Covering the practice of Washington, consultant director Tim Berners-Lee said the project promotes negotiated compromises between privacy



Berners-Lee at Washington workshop, compromise

limits set by providers and needs outlined by users. The program, he said, "should encourage global Web commerce and promote the Web as a place where users feel confident that their privacy expectations are being met."

Only a handful of Canadian companies have established their own privacy guidelines to govern how they handle personal information from their Web sites, says David Jones, a computer science professor at Hamilton's McMaster University and president of Electronic Frontier Canada, a nonprofit group that lobbies for the right to privacy on the Internet. Corporations in Quebec are subject to a provincial privacy law, but as other provinces have introduced privacy legislation covering businesses

In the United States, one concern is that personal-data services could enable stalkers

or spouse-abusers to find their victims. Sacramento-based Deep Data Investigative Sources, for example, operates a Web site claiming that "nearly 80 per cent of all missing persons can be located—whether they want to be or not." Another concern is that personal information will be used for "identity theft"—a sweeping category of crime in which a credit transaction is someone else. "With your name and Social Security number, anyone can apply for credit cards, loans, mortgages, even contract crimes and lease you to pay the bills," says Silverport, La. based lawyer David Sewall, who handles dozens of such cases every year.

Often, victims are not even aware of what is being done in their names. California resident Brian Kelly could not understand why he was repeatedly turned down for retail jobs—until he learned last May that a shoplifter had passed himself off as Kelly when he was caught. The shoplifter's charge appeared on a database every time an employer ran a background check on Kelly.

Although privacy advocates warn against law enforcement initiatives, they insisted that tougher measures are required. For example, said Marc Rosenberg, director of the Electronic Privacy Information Center, the Web Consortium's proposal "will be complicated and cumbersome" and appears to be designed "to make it easy to do red marketing on the Internet." What is needed instead of voluntary guidelines, he said, are laws "so that everybody in the industry plays by the same rules." In fact, there are now more than a dozen bills pending in various state legislatures that would restrict the availability of personal information. Earlier this month, identical bills were introduced in the House of Representatives and the Senate to limit the unrestricted commercial use of Social Security numbers and place other restrictions on the sale of personal information.

Jim Carroll, coauthor of the Canadian Internet Annotated, says he would either see companies adopt a uniform privacy code that has governments impose a solution. At the same time, consumers must also be careful about giving out information. "A lot of people are giving away personal information on the Internet without thinking about what they're doing," says Carroll. "I don't think people are privacy conscious." Still, in a high-tech world in which billions of daily transactions—most mediated by purchase orders—messages to video rental preferences, are being an ever-growing database, confidentiality seems like an increasingly quaint concept.

VINCE REISER in San Francisco

People

Ken Dryden, the newly appointed president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, is sitting in his mostly unadorned office at Maple Leaf Gardens trying to explain how he will reconstruct the once-stalled franchise. The professional hockey former goalie, formerly despatched to use Chicago's radio slot, Michael Jordan is a metaphor. "I can't think of anyone that I've seen in my life that affects me in a sporting way as much as Jordan," explains Dryden. "His understanding of himself, he wants the ball in the basket and he will be there as if someone gets in his way, he changes direction or spins, but he always gets to the basket."

Dryden is just as determined to take the Leafs to the Stanley Cup, and he is not afraid to do things differently. The 41-year-old goalie, who backstopped Canada's 1972 victory over the Soviet Union and won six Stanley Cups with the Montreal Canadiens, took a season off at the height of his career with the Canadiens to write a law transfer \$117 a week. Now 40, he is a return to the NHL as a coach after an 18-year absence. His first task is to hire a general manager (qualified coaches are not necessarily scarce), and then he has to secure the junior draft, the major league and Europe for top-notch talent (also scarce). The challenges all are equally daunting.

Dryden, ranked 19th in the NHL's 1996-97 season, says the team's situation is a sparkling new dawn over a dark and shrouded, he hopes, with basketball's Toronto Raptors of the NBA. "The point is such a powerful thing here," he says of the Gardens, "and it was a great past, the last 30 years



Dryden: intent on rebuilding a hockey dream

Aiming for the Stanley Cup

So the new building is a chance to restart the organization."

Along with on-site magnitude and recent on-ice accomplishments, the Leafs are still reeling in the wake of charges that a map of penitents shows dozens of children—most by force—at the Gardens from the late 1930s through the early 1960s. Dryden says creating the state of the rebuild requires everyone on the organization, from players to front-office personnel, because they are all role models. "You are going to be a model of something, so what are

you going to be a model of?" he asks. Then he answers: "The Toronto Maple Leafs need to be good, decent, not id, respectable, admirable."

Dryden brought those same qualities over the years to his minor job descriptions—goalie, lawyer, artist, civil servant, youth recreation consultant. But perhaps his most valued talent is the perspective he developed in the goal crease. Most fans can still clearly recall the riot and major disturbance on the edge of his net, hands folded atop his stick, watching the play at the other end of the rink. "The goalie has the worst job in the world, long enough to feel it and not know it," he says. "But then you're coming back and understanding it and explain it."

Though happy in his other careers, Dryden thought the time was right to return to hockey when former owner Steve Stavro offered him the Leafs. With his daughter, Sarah, just graduated from Harvard University in Cambridge, Mass., and his son, Michael, as head of their new firm, he decided to be a coach. He has more time for his professional pursuits. He admits to having better luck over his new role than he has in previous experience running a sports franchise: worth more than a million dollars. "I never assume I can do something, but I just assume I can't, either," he says. "I have a need to get there, to get to the basket. It's not enough to get halfway there and look around in the process. It's getting to the basket, and you find a way of getting there. You just can't be certain how."

JAMES DUNCAN

The agony and the ecstasy

At 14, when her first boyfriend insisted to a remark by alienating her into the solitude, outside a San Francisco swimming pool, Maura Wolf knew she would be somebody that night. While entering a world where sex and violence were too often bed. But it took 20 years and the expected feminist best-sellers, *The Beauty Myth* and *Fire with*

Fire, for the Yale-educated Wolf to tell her own story as well as those of other women, in her new book, *Phantom Limb: The Secret Struggle for Women's Sex*. She admits that chasing girl sexual coming-of-age and legitimizing the male in womanhood was in "agony" that took five years. "I must say, the kind of computing of respectability that



I'm wondering if my career career was partly because I knew I would write this book someday," says Wolf, now 34, the wife of a White House speechwriter and the mother of a two-year-old daughter. "I would find if I put laid the book with a friend, I would be marginalized. That's what the culture does to women who tell—'that's' 'that's' there."



Maritime: new insurance is faster and cheaper

Cutting legal costs

Only Maritimes was minutes away from signing the agreement to buy her first home last July, a three-bedroom detached house in Orleans, Ont., when the glitch happened. The property's survey was missing one essential detail—a date—said Maritime's bank was adamant that she need a new survey to get her mortgage. Maritime was not keen on paying about \$800 to have the job done, nor did the 24-year-old legal bookkeeper want to wait the three days or more that it would take. Happily a solution was at hand: for just \$200, she bought a title insurance policy that covers the bank against any loss if the survey proved to be inaccurate. "It was a bitch," says Maritime, thinking back on her experience. "The bank had allowed for survey for the previous mortgage five years ago, but they wouldn't allow it for mine. Then, basically, they just had to pipe down and accept the title insurance."

Now insuring more than 5,000 policies a month, Atlantic title insurers are enjoying U.S. real estate practices into Canada. The pitch seems irresistible: Instead of relying upon exhaustive and expensive searches to verify the extent, quality and right to ownership of a property, home buyers can buy title insurance to protect themselves as their lenders against possible problems faster and cheaper. In many cases, as lawyers, No surveyors. But plenty of controversy, with critics arguing that instead of con-

recting problems, insurance policies will simply mask them "They're starting by saying title insurance replaces the survey," says Jacques Gosselin, executive director of the New Brunswick Land Surveyors Association. "Eventually, they'll replace the searches that lawyers do, and then they'll run the whole transaction like they do in the States."

Critics argue that insurance does not give a homeowner the same level of security as a current survey and a lawyer's guarantee. Title insurers dismiss those claims as fear mongering, insisting that their policies cannot threaten to protect the purchaser or the moneylender, with legal help if necessary.

The U.S. title insurance system has developed over the past century, primarily to compensate for the shortcomings of land registries that are not as comprehensive as Canada's. At the forefront of the move north of the border is First American Title Insurance Co., one of the largest companies in the field in the United States, with annual revenues of more than \$2 billion. The Santa Ana, Calif.-based firm controls over 30 per cent of the title insurance market in Canada, earning \$12.5 billion in premiums last year—up dramatically from the \$11.0 billion it took in during its first year of operation in Canada six years ago. The

company covered a Halifax office in February to complement its regional divisions in Vancouver, Calgary, Toronto and Montreal.

First American entered the market by offering insurance to cover shortcomings in residential surveys. But the bulk of its business—\$5.4 million a month—now comes from mortgage refinancings for homeowners trying to free some cash or take advantage of lower interest rates. With banks now accepting title insurance in place of the traditional lawyer's letter of opinion guaranteeing ownership of the property, the new process effectively eliminates the need for a lawyer. And the policy costs about \$500 less. "In the past, if there was a snag, it just stayed unresolved," says First Calgary Services & Credit Union vice-president Ned Hanman. "Now, all we do is call First American."

With 70 financial institutions now on-site, First American has its foot firmly in the door. Now it is preparing for the next step: opening a string of so-called closing centres—offices where its agents plan to conclude real estate deals with reduced roles for lawyers. That has property buyers on the defensive, particularly in Ontario, Canada's most lucrative real estate market. And across Canada, about 50,000 residential sales take place each year. "I think it is too risky," says Toronto lawyer Rob Auer, "for the public to go in to what for many of them is the largest transaction of their lives without the assistance of their lawyers."

But while individual lawyers are quick to condemn, the firm that provides their insurance in Ontario, the Lawyers Professional Indemnity Company, has launched its own form of title insurance. In partnership with First American's main rival, Chicago Title Insurance Co., it is offering a program called DiePLUS that differs from First American's in one key aspect—it requires the involvement of a lawyer throughout the process. "The purpose of a lawyer is to give people peace of mind," says Craig Coet, chairman of the Canadian Bar Association's title insurance subcommittee. "First American isn't going to do that. First American is an American insurance company that's out there to take a profit."

JONATHAN HARRIS

Boomers and aging

By the year 2031, Canadians will be caring for an elderly population that includes three times the current number of people suffering from dementia—an age-related condition that cripples mental capabilities. And the economic and human burden on women—most often cast as caregivers for elderly dependents—is "potentially enormous," according to an article in the *Southwest Canada publication Canadian Senior Trends*. It also expects the cost of institutionalizing many of the anticipated 800,000 dementia victims to reach prohibitive levels.

The most common cause of dementia—an illness characterized by severe loss of mental, memory and emotional functions—is Alzheimer's disease, which accounted for 61 per cent of cases in 1991. Currently, about half of Canada's dementia patients, many of them women, are cared for in institutions.

With the looming increase in cases, the article's authors, who include Saskatchewan officials and experts, predict that Canada will be forced to create new models of care, partly to avoid the costs associated with institutional care. The article notes, too, that family members—most of them women—acting as caregivers already face a "time crunch" in coping with their



Alzheimer's suffers an enormous burden for caregivers

jobs as well as their responsibilities at home. In the future, if specialists, say, may be willing to take on the job of caregiver for helpless elderly patients. That, in turn, would increase demand for institutional care, despite possible pressures to cut back such services.

Just say no to antibiotics

Experts attending a Medical conference on antimicrobial resistance called for caution to stop physicians from contributing to the spread of potentially deadly hospital-based infections by overprescribing antibiotics. Dr. Robert Coombs of the University of Toronto's Centre for Health Promotion estimated that only about one-quarter of the antibiotics used in Canada were prescribed and used properly. "The problem," he said, "is in creating well-designed and effective means of changing physician behavior." Delegates to the meeting, organized by Health Canada's Laboratory Branch for Disease Control, were told that government funding cuts and the massive restructuring of the health care system were making infection control increasingly difficult. As a result, Canadian hospitals have experienced a growing number of outbreaks of drug-resistant infections over the past few years.

Help for the heart

Estrogen tablets can significantly lower high cholesterol levels and reduce the risk of heart disease or stroke in women past the age of menopause, according to a new study. Reporting in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, researchers at the Chicago Centre for Clinical Research said that in a study involving 70 women, the best results were achieved by those who took both estrogen and progestin, a drug widely used to lower blood fat levels. In women using both drugs, levels of low-density lipoproteins (so-called bad cholesterol) declined by nearly 20 per cent, compared with a 1.9 per cent reduction in women who took estrogen by itself. Estrogen-replacement therapy, widely prescribed for postmenopausal women in protection against osteoporosis, is believed to increase the risk of uterine and breast cancer.

Tea that protects

American researchers have produced new evidence that drinking several cups daily of green tea—the variety consumed widely in the Far East—may provide protection from cancer. A team led by biologist Jerry Jenkins of the Medical College of Ohio in Toledo reported in the *British journal Nature* that green tea contains a naturally occurring chemical called EGCG. It has the ability to block the enzyme and kinase that help tumors to grow by attacking neighboring cells. Green tea is far less popular in Western countries than so-called black tea, which does not contain EGCG. The latest finding bolstered earlier studies that linked green tea with protection from cancer. "I like to eat to drink green tea," said Jenkins. "But I do so."

Workout wonder

Exercise may be the key to feeling better after at least some victims of chronic fatigue syndrome, a mysterious illness that affects thousands of Canadians. Reporting in the *British Medical Journal*, researchers at the Royal London Medical School said that 16 out of 29 chronic fatigue patients who took part in a regular 30-minute aerobic exercise program said they felt less tired after three months. But only eight out of 30 patients who did only stretching or relaxation exercises reported similar improvement. Doctors have not determined the cause of the syndrome, characterized by exhaustion lasting more than six months. Victims often have trouble sleeping and concentrating.

Education

Meeting of the minds

The Learneds are a feast of talk and thought

BY BRIAN BECKMAN

It was pretty racy fare, especially for a Sunday morning in St. John's. Just as church services were getting under way across the city, about two dozen academics settled into a lecture room at Memorial University of Newfoundland to hear Deborah James, a linguist from the University of Toronto, discuss the different ways that derogatory terms are applied by men and women to each other. Surveilling her students, James found that women are more often the victims of slurs relating to their sexual practices or their looks—"slut," "tart" and "dug" being a few of the odious examples. Men, by contrast, are more frequently mistreated for a lack of accomplishment with "loser," "lout" and "dumbass" among the most popular slights hurled their way. The distinction, James points, is telling: women are generally valued for their sexuality, even for their own practice. Recounting a particular conversation between one young couple, the linguist also describes how a word like "stiff" can have very different connotations. The woman saw it as a put-down of the man, implying he was unresponsive. The man saw it as a compliment of the high rat order—a subtle confirmation that he was good in bed.

In some ways that seminar on cross-gender control was hardly in keeping with the general tone of the Congress of Learned Scholars, a quarterly Canadian event that began in the 1950s and has been staged at least twice in every province. But in other ways, the Toronto linguist's provocative discourse accurately reflects the eclectic nature of the annual two-week meeting, where 5,000 social science and humanities scholars from 100 academic associations gather to present recent findings and debate ideas that range from the mundane to the outlandish. The result is a feast of talk and thought that runs the gamut from law, education and music theory to the Canadian Constitution, the history of medicine and topology (the study of place in space) on the Internet. "Part of the strength and beauty of the Learneds is its sheer diversity," says David Graham, a key coordinator of this year's event. "It's also what makes it fun."

Graham should know. As director of Memorial's French department, he has been making his way to the Learneds for almost 30

years. Not that the meeting affords him much opportunity to rub elbows with others in his field. Graham is the only academic in Canada who specializes in the study of 18th-century French children books (because for French woodcut engravings, but he relishes the chance to gabfest with other French scholars, many from thousands of miles away. At the same time, he is able to



James, participating from across the continent

include his other scholarly interests, in drafting computer-aided language learning. And while Graham is well known as an elitist, he hastens to disagree. "People are sometimes uncomfortable with what they don't know much about," he says. "And there are things about the Learneds that make people a little nervous, starting with the name itself."

In fact, the conference, which some academics irreverently refer to as "the Stupid," is about to change its name next year. It will become the Congress of the Social Sciences and Humanities. The switch is part of a larger effort by the Ottawa-based Humanities and Social Sciences Federation of Canada to sponsor the public release of academic research.

In a similar vein, the event's organizers are trying to make the subject matter more understandably, providing reporters with a daily "bit list" of presentations to tackle the publicity. Some academics have clearly

caught the spirit, giving their papers such tantalizing titles as "Reimagining Female Desire: Down to the Margins" (a reflection on the film *Rain*), about a sociopolitical (sexual) house employee) and "Holy Night: Absorption, Intolerance and Maternity in Contemporary Women's Writing."

Another attempt to bridge the gap between ivory and grass is the popular Speakers Series, which is open to the public. This year, the lineup consisted of three diverse talents, each with Newfoundland connections: American E. Anne Pruitt, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of the 1993 novel *The Shipping News*, about the misadventures of a hapless Newfoundland journalist; CBC personality and Montreal author Ken Murphy; and Kate Birch, former head chef in Drive-Inn, Labrador.

Pruitt's oft-a humorous talk detailed

the insights she gained while banned and reentering a house in Newfoundland's rugged northwest coast. And following her speech, the author took part in a video-making and spirited discussion with her audience—revealing, among other things, that roles are the main protagonists in her novels, because her best friends are men and "it's very boring for me to write about women."

The Learneds, of course, is not an entirely cerebral affair. In their off-hours, delegates gathered at the strip of pubs along George Street—a favorite hangout of Memorial students during the school year. There, they caught up on each other's personal lives and exchanged locally going. According to Graham, only one rule applies at such gatherings: "After five," he says, "you will not find any speechmaking." Perhaps not. But at a conference that celebrates the unbridled joy of intellectual pursuit, that is an edict some must find especially hard to follow. □

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THE QUEEN'S VISIT

Summer body count

EDITORS' PICKS

Nothing goes better with sun and sand than a nasty little murder

Ah, summer, and the seasonal slaughter begins. On intimate decks, beach towels and patio lounge chairs, the corpses pile up. *Mythos* and *murder* link federal every nook, intrigue surrounds it off the shore. *Bodycount*: With a new crop of deaths and mysteries, *Goodreads* now judges in their taste for seasonal violence—guilt-free. A selection, reviewed by Maclean's writers and editors

Mattie Walters appears to be the hottest person to the title of Britain's Queen of Crime, an honorific that at various times has been bestowed upon P.D. James and Ruth Rendell. Her latest book, *The Echo* (McClelland & Stewart, \$29.95), opens with a grabber: the decomposed body of a homeless man is found in the London garage of a well-to-do, attractive woman. As journalist Michael Deacon works up a profile of the dead, it becomes apparent that no one is quite what they appear to be. The wife is a man, highly educated and once successful, was not murdered but starved himself to death; the woman has a dubious past that includes illicit lovers and an embittered husband who has disappeared. The story is multilayered, dense with detail of various levels of English society and filled with enough tantalizing clues to keep readers guessing. But the self-destructive Deacon is a deeply flawed character, and the plot's resolution depends too much on coincidence. *Read it*, for now, can keep her title.

Homelessness also figures in *Free Range* (National Book Network, \$29.95) by Rosemary Aubert, a Toronto criminologist who makes a promising debut as a mystery novelist with her tale of Silas Portal, a disgraced judge who now runs the wild rooms that form the green space of Canada's largest city. Portal, once convicted of a felony, has chosen to live as an agent rather than being harder about his own state of family. But he is forced to return to his past when he discovers a severed black hand in his own garden. Solving the puzzle of the hand leads to a conspiracy that includes tale of medical misconduct, summer designs and political disloyalty. While Portal's willing descent into a life on the fringe isn't sufficiently exploited, his rehabilitation into society is gradual and believable and, of course, paves the way for a sequel.

Alison Gordon's fifth mystery, *Passive Resistance* (McClelland & Stewart, \$29.95), features her Toronto-based sleuthing heroine, Kate Harty visiting her old stomping grounds in Saskatchewan. Baseball writer Kate and her lesbian mate, police Det. Andy Murray, are in Kate's home town of Leduc hired to celebrate a former occasion. Kate's mother is being inducted into Saskatchewan's Baseball Hall of Fame, along with the other former members of the Regina Indians, an all-women's team from the 1940s. When one of the more flamboyant players is found dead, Kate's nostalgic trip home is rudely interrupted. Gordon maintains her usual breezy tone as Kate unravels



Kerr, Hayter (left) drink-a-musee actors in the Monty Python and the Holy Grail

the puzzle, including a long-haul family secret. There's more to the book than just a mystery, but it's a good way around the genre, but overall Gordon scores an easy win.

The *Franklin International Bureau*, the world's largest publishing trade show, is the setting for *The Bookish Murder* (Little, Brown, \$24.95). Anna Porter's third volume featuring Maudie Miller, a New York City book editor. The plot involves the killing of a much-loved literary agent, who is dispatched by a mysterious international network in the middle of the novel's plot to party. Porter,

a Toronto-based publishing veteran with many international contacts, has written a novel that is part roman à clef, and industry types will have fun picking out the real-life inspiration for certain characters. She is particularly adept at portraying the head-to-head competition of a freelance magazine writer that those elements are not enough to save an overly long novel that offers more character than character and too often strains credibility.

Sophie Hayter, once at *Police Corps*, B.C., has found her way to the world's most unpredictable streets of New York City. A former journalist and sometime stand-up comedian, Hayter brought such a startlingly fresh voice to the mystery genre that her first book, *What's a Girl Gotta Do?*, won a *Crime Writers of Canada Arthur Ellis Award* in 1994. In *Diagnosis of the Girls* (Penguin, \$27.95), Hayter returns Robin Madison, now a feisty producer for an all-news TV channel, is succumbing to boredom attacks, which she tries to stave off with "shopping, shopping, trendy scenes, drag balls, poetry slams, and sleeping with 25-year-olds. Well, one 25-year-old." But things soon heat up when her sister-in-law—whom Robin has invited to a girls' night out, along with three of her moderately crazy friends—disappears on Halloween. It's the beginning of a long night for Robin, who discovers that the trail is leading back to her own adolescent life. Various close friends, fake friends and an assortment of unnamed well-loved Robin on a not-so-

happy chase. By the story's resolution, the reader is shown an exhausted as the protagonist. Hayter has found a voice, but that time out, it's just too breathless. Britain's Philip Kerr has carved out an unusual niche: he combines speculative science with thrillers—action in a way that is not only plausible but highly entertaining. In his seventh novel, *Kiss* (Doubleday, \$29.95), Kerr sends a team of scientists to the Himalayas in search of the elusive yeti after mountain climber Jack Furrow returns with a skull that has features of both ape and man. When Furrow's girlfriend, paleontologist Sofia Swell, determines that it is not a fossil but a recent sample, the hunt is on. Meanwhile, India and the state of Punjab are on the verge of war. And, unbeknownst to Furrow and Swell, one of their team members is a CIA operative. While the story of the agency is initially unclear, the actions indicate that the agency is not necessarily the good. It makes for a heady read—a novel, thriller, science fiction, and Kerr delivers it with the maximum degree of suspense.

David Ignatiev, a *Washington Post* editor, has written a new spy novel that is as staunchly American as the spelling in its title and as thoroughly modern as today's news. The plot of *A Piercing Gaze* probes an competition in the globalized economy—in this case, rivalry between France and the United States to sell China a communications system. The action takes place in Paris, Washington, Beijing to Montreal. The French, with their anti-American impulses,

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BETWEEN COVERS

are the victims. The hero is an American reporter who breaches journalistic ethics to play spy. As *Indecent* as its underpinnings are, much in the novel echoes the old-fashioned thriller. There is a secret society, a crime-making bio-weaponry, even a clandestine society of business leaders seeking global power in such ways. A *Prize of Death* recalls John Buchan's 1915 thriller, *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. One big difference: 20 years passed before Alfred Hitchcock turned Buchan's book into a classic movie. Hollywood had at least \$1.5 million for the rights to the *Indecent* novel (with Tom Cruise the likely star) even before he had finished the final draft.

—*Scott L. Tobias, a research historian and Small Wars (BJA, \$29.95), marks the 24th appearance of the hard-boiled Boston detective with only one name. Perley's dialect dialogue still crackles, and Spencer's buster is as amusing as ever. As always, the crime element is almost incidental. But Spencer's investigations of whether Ellis Africa—a black thief pulled at any number of crimes—really did murder white-coat Melrose Henderson allows Parker ample opportunity to indulge his true obsession: how to live in a barbaric life in a corrupt world. And Spencer's return to fighting him after being shot three times—which forces him into a new incarnation of his morality—marks Small Wars as one of Perley's finest.*

Askew's Mail (Random House, \$23.95), the latest in another long-running series—this one featuring Victorian-era London police Sgt. Thomas Pitt—is one of author Anne Perry's best. In 1860, at a country-house party with a difference, an English diplomat has gathered Protestant and Catholic participants for secret talks aimed at resolving the "Irish Problem." Politics on both sides are exposed to icy comparison, and the diplomat is soon murdered. Perry's characters and their relationships are elegantly drawn. She is particularly subtle in describing the emotional jealousy and confused passion that lead to deadly violence, a theme that she has acknowledged derives from the murder she committed as a 15-year-old in New Zealand in 1964. Perry's aggressive grasp of Victorian customs also provides for an absorbing portrait of an English great house a century ago, with its array of servants and its ladies who changed elaborate garments a half-dozen times a day.

*Only a few miles but a century's worth of an unbelievable chain is separate Perry's world from the black and baroque medieval London of Frances Pyfield's *Witherout Crime* (Random House, \$28.95). A criminal lawyer and author of five previous books about Crown prosecutor Helen West and her lover, police Sgt. Geoffrey Butler, Pyfield candidly writes about the violence, sexual tension, and the past events for justice that the law alone provides. In this case, West and Butler encounter a rare,*

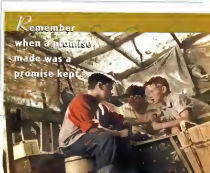


Pyfield, a superb story set in a bleak London

one that, kind of tragic, is a man whose victimhood starts the law and the law's victims with such shame that they do not complain to police. Pyfield writes compellingly, without sentiment and almost without hope, wrestling with the question of what justice costs—and rape—while weaving a superb narrative with a nicely twisted ending.

The dark realism of Pyfield could not be further from the innocent intrigue of American TV producer Stephen J. Cannell's *King Gun* (Simon, \$29). Handsome comedian Beau K. Butch is in London searching for a woman's murderer by sending the gunsmith responsible. But he needs the help of federal prosecutor Victor Hart, who also wants revenge on the mobsters—outside the courtroom. Soon, the two are pulling secrets in Atlantic City and California. Portrayed by Cannell and the FBI, their only allies are thugs and the FBI, their only allies are the Dugan. It's a search for the plot for a TV series. Cannell's *King Gun* is the creator of *The Rockford Files*, *Magnum* and *The A-Team*. The book reveals in-joke locations, wacky gun injuries, graphic violence and an astonishing number of synonyms for the male sex organ. Cannell's dialogue is not as snappy as Elmore Leonard's, but then whose is? The plot moves along briskly, and the ending isn't the one in *King Gun*. The novel's basic romance is awkward, and the attempts at character development are laughable. But as A-Team starles Mr. T might say, "It ain't *Pravet*, kid!"

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A biographer focuses on the men of the hour

BY LAWRENCE MARTIN

While writing a book on Lucien Bouchard as a follow up to one on Jean Chrétien, I've been asked the question a few times: "So, how come you get to do both?" The answer has been easy: "Because no one else was doing them." Among most Quebecers, there were no other "takes." The fact, as far as I could tell, was open. The two men who held the fate of Canada in their hands were there for the picking.

Their cases were hardly unique. When it comes to political biography, we have a tradition of hardness. We went on to our political leaders as down deep in the trenches, or at least out of office, before taking up the pen to do the big books. The long wall brings broader perspective, access to private papers and other adventures. But what about the downside? What good does it do to know our leaders when they have already come and gone, when they have already done their damage or, in rarer cases, their good?

In Canada, we waited more than a half-century for a ma-



Martin: why wait until leaders are out of office?

ripa Peter C. Newman, whose 1977 account of John Diefenbaker, *Struggle in Power*, helped take the trade out of the ivory tower. The interview-intensive, newsworthy biography is still largely the domain of journalists.

It is important to write a timely biography of Bouchard, arguably the most dangerous man the country has produced in this century. But it was a tougher challenge than doing the enigmatic Prime Minister: Chrétien is a straight-shooting, nuts-and-bolts consensus-builder, a soft-spoken, intellectual man of brilliant, effortless and life. Few other Quebec leaders have possessed his enormous demographic appeal, his trenchant charisma, his rich leadership skills. Few have been subject to the fits of emotional upheaval and ambivalence that are characteristic of him.

Both men were plagued from the earliest days by anger. Chrétien's flowed from personal hardship. He was weak, deaf in one ear, stricken by Bô's palsy around the month, some doctors said, not intellectually gifted. Life for him was proving himself in the face of the handicaps.

Bouchard is a far different kind of man, one born of perceived injustice and adversity. He has the thinnest skin imaginable. Beginning as a boy, Bouchard was burning inside, "always burning," according to his brother. He had a burning, frequently lost his temper over the slightest thing. A college roommate was also struck by Bouchard's shyness, internal anger, but was considered as so in progress. He recommended I talk to psychologists.

Bouchard is very protective of his privacy, not getting a psychological perspective was not easy. In his autobiography, released two of the most significant letters in his life—his mother, Alice, and his first wife, to whom he was married for 20 years, Jocelyn Côté—to virtual oblivion. Neither of them got even a page. He has been married for eight years to Audrey Bédard, with whom he has two sons. A brother worried about his extreme sensitivity to personal matters had come during an election campaign when a reporter mentioned in a story that Bouchard's late father, truck driver Philippe, had had a drinking problem. Bouchard went into near-hysterics. He stopped his campaign, battled with family, demanded retraction.

I thought Bouchard was tough until I dealt with Côté. Her marriage to Lucien had dissolved in the mid-1980s. He had said publicly that one of the reasons was their lack of children, without explaining whether it had been a choice or dictated by biology. When Côté declined my telephone request for an interview, I subsequently sent her a letter. In it, I acknowledged her desire for privacy, but asked her to clear up this ambiguity in children and the marriage—without allowing it open to public speculation. Her response was a threatening, cruel and dense letter from her lawyers. It demanded I immediately

Portraits of power

just study of Sir John A. Macdonald. Donald Creighton wrote his two-volume epic on him in the 1950s. For a second treatment of Robert L. Borden, our leader in the First World War, the wait was equally long. Some good warlies in his final years appeared in the late 1970s. B. Bennett presided over the dreadful years of the Great Depression, yet, infelicitously, no substantial biographical work on his years in power was done until this decade. On Louis Saint Laurent, we've had but one assessment of a biography. John English's diatribe of Lester Pearson's life appeared more than 20 years after he left office. Pierre Trudeau fared better with at least three major studies, but Brian Mulroney's eight-plus years in power have yet to be explored in biographical or broad perspective.

It is not just the life stories that are overlooked for so long. The gaps in our history extend to other important areas. Lamentably, I had no treatment of the 1989 election campaign that made him Prime Minister. The governing Conservatives dropped to two seats in that campaign, and the Bloc Québécois, dedicated to the death of the province, became the official Opposition. The Reform party took wing. It was a seminal moment in Canadian political history that publishers weren't keen on a book, and no major account of the campaign has yet been written. What a disadvantage to the library to study it, they will find the story.

Finding little support for the campaign book, I became intrigued by Chrétien, the little gap from Shawnaque who had written a high-

ly successful autobiography, *Struggle for the Heart*, almost a decade earlier. Since he was now Prime Minister, I was concerned other authors would be lining up to do him. Not to worry: nothing else was forthcoming. This was Canada.

With volume 1 of the Chrétien story completed, I wanted to wait until he had spent more time in office before embarking on part 2. For the moment, in a cliffhanger of a referendum, Bouchard came within a few seconds of breaking up the country. "Cliffhanger" could have made a great book. But this wrenching moment in Canadian history has also been overlooked. No one has written a blow-by-blow, behind-the-scenes account of what exactly happened.

Bouchard interested me more from the biographical perspective. His autobiography had appeared in French in 1995 and the English version, *On the Record*, in 1994. Quebec journalist Michel Vaudey produced a French-language journal in 1996. But I was amazed that no other book about Bouchard was being planned, at least not by anyone outside Quebec. Could something like this be imagined south of the border? How many books would likely be published about a successor? The number of biographies of U.S. President Bill Clinton and the Bill Hillary relationship—as well as accounts of Clinton's time in office—have swelled to double digits. It's no mystery. In Canada, publishers are hesitant to invest heavily in political books, which have no other sales beyond very well-read elites. Authors are reluctant because writing biography requires time—and the financial rewards are minimal. A lack of bilingual authors is another problem. So in that cliff. So in the problem of access to sources.

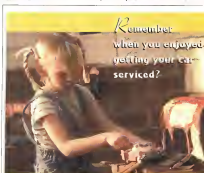
In this country, the field is dominated by academics, who have the financial means and time to devote to such large projects. As political biographers, they can be cautious and conventional. The last of ten last academics with the aggressive of a Bob Woodward, or the

one born of perceived injustice and adversity. He has the thinnest skin imaginable. Beginning as a boy, Bouchard was burning inside, "always burning," according to his brother. He had a burning, frequently lost his temper over the slightest thing. A college roommate was also struck by

send me. He on Côté over to the lawyer's office. Otherwise, I could be subject to legal action for invasion of privacy. Nothing happened after I wrote back a polite letter stating that I had no such file and that my requests had been made out of professional courtesy.

Not more assurances were in store for me. I was correct in suspecting Bouchard would not consent to be interviewed for a book authored by a journalist. But I didn't suspect sources would become available that I considered just as good as the subject himself. Bouchard's two brothers, Gérard and Roch, they talked for hours and, especially in the case of Roch, a philosophy professor at the University of Ottawa, were frank and forthcoming. Through an indirect channel, I heard that the premier was hardly thrilled they had done this. But Bouchard did not try to block others from talking. Of his 20 former ministers at the Collège de Jacques, 20 more decrees were available for interviews.

I was thankful Progress was being made. I felt that if there was one person in the country whose life was not allowed to leave to the tradition of post-mortem biographies, it was Lucien Bouchard. By the time we got the post-mortem, he had, it could well be post-mortem time for an ink.



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BETWEEN COVERS

EDITORS' PICKS

Into Thin Air: A Personal Account of the Mt. Everest Disaster by Jon Krakauer (Random House, \$28.95). Since childhood, Jon Krakauer had wanted to climb Mount Everest, the tallest peak in the world. So last year, when Outside magazine proposed that the journalist and avid climber write about the proliferation of guided tours to the top of the world, he jumped at the chance. But the assignment turned deadly when a sudden, severe storm trapped fellow climbers on the summit, killing nine people. Plagued with survivor's guilt, Krakauer wrote the book, he says, "as an act of catharsis." The result is a gripping and heart-breaking adventure tale. The Seattle-based author, 42, attributes the disaster on the summit to bad weather, lack of oxygen, poor judgment and the competitiveness of the guides. But what keeps the reader captivated more than anything is the raw intensity of man versus nature, and the knowledge that many others will struggle just the frozen bodies left behind as they attempt to conquer the peak.

Code: A Biography of the Fish That Changed the World by Mark Kurlansky (Knopf, \$26.95). For centuries, the Atlantic cod, a hardy but voracious bottom feeder, made men wealthy by dominating the diets of many Europeans and, occasionally, triggered wars between nations. In his concise, well-written and stylishly illustrated book, New York-based journalist Kurlansky traces the rise and fall of the cod fishery. He speculates that bountiful supplies of the fish for his centuries allowed nomadic Vikings to reach Newfoundland around the year 1000, and argues that Basque fishermen got rich harvesting them off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland for decades before John Cabot's arrival in 1497. Well into the 19th century, cod fishing remained a highly technologically precise business. But with the advent of everlarger trawlers, which caught the fish by dragging huge nets along the ocean bottom, the cod was driven to the brink of extinction. Kurlansky's depiction of Canadian mismanagement of this resource is a sad tale, and his prognosis for the future grim. "Whatever steps are taken," he concludes, "one of the greatest ob-



Krakauer's Everest expedition disaster closed new lines

stacle to restoring cod stocks off Newfoundland is an almost pathological collective denial of what has happened."

The Wisdom of the Body by Sherwin B. Nuland (Random House, \$25). Nuland's celebration of human biology is not far from the faith-driven in the first chapter, he describes an extraordinary emergency surgery performed on a woman whose life was imperiled by a rare abdominal aneurism. Later, the surgeon and medical historian, who teaches at Yale University, describes previously how surgeons go about removing the heart from a living man and installing a donor's in its place. In his bestselling 1994 book, *How We Die*, Nuland chronicled the end of life. Here he marvels at his field. He is filled with wonder at the intricacy of the body's systems (which he delineates at sometimes daunting length), and by humanity. The author does not see the hand of God in all of this "the human spirit," he suggests, "is simply something we have created from the fabric of our human body."

Vodka, Tears, and Lenin's Angel: A Journalist on the Road in the Former Soviet Union by Jennifer Gould (Knopf Canada, \$21.95). Gould was a reporter in the most interesting place in the world in the first half of the 1990s—Russia. What's more, she is a fine journalist with an uncanny supply of detail flowing from her keyboard. A Toronto native with some Russian family background, Gould was attracted by the lure of change-over-time. What she found was a world of gangsters, shady expatriate businessmen, warring ethnic groups and, of course, many suffering Russians. She writes with shocked sympathy about the homeless, the street kids and others who have become victims of Russia's rubble in new housing. She also vividly captures the characters of the young, post-Soviet and former communist she meets. And there is a reprint of her most famous article, a 1995 *Playboy* interview with ex-convict Vladimir Zhirinovskiy in which she records him trying to get her and her female translator to have group sex with his bodyguards while he watches. Gould's book delivers the feel and smell and chaotic heart of the new Russia as few others have.

American Visions by Robert Hughes (Random House, \$22). Based on a BBC/TVTime Warner series, Hughes writes, in his highly opinionated *The Eye: Masters of Art in America*—in a brilliant sweep through more than three centuries of painting, sculpture, furniture-making and architecture. Hughes, who has been Time's art critic for more than 25 years, weaves up intriguing anecdotes from the lives of hundreds of artists, along with incisive, witty commentary on their works. And, with dazzling clarity, the *American-born* writer illuminates the connections between such diverse creations as a New Mexican mission chapel, a Puritan chest and an *Andy*

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[This should have
been the cover story.]



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Marked pioneer. In his introduction to his richly illustrated book, Hughes asks, "What can we say about Americans from the things and images they have made?" Post-judicial art lovers, American Platoon provides a new perspective.

Secker and Lockhart: Outcasts of Modest India by Gay M. Fata. (Doubleday, \$31.95). With it comes to India, which has led to the 500 anniversary of the discovery of August, Mithras is in an enviable position. The author who has been 50, was born in Delhi and still speaks about a third of each year in her native country, dwelling the rest of her time between London and New York City. This perspective life enables her to bring an outsider's viewpoint to bear on India's baffling contradictions, and to see an appreciation of culture, customs and history as well as a native one. Mithras, the author of three previous novels, uses that dual perspective to good effect in her book of essays *Secker and Lockhart*. The title, after the children's game she claims originated in India, is her apt metaphor for the country's progress over the past half-century. Forthrightly looking through a Delhi door to the glorious stars of "Bodywork," the Swamy loved this industry. Mithras captures a country in flux with humor and insight, and makes a land eye for its vast wonders.

Hynds: The Flashed Angel by Phyllis Grosskurth. (Macfarlane Walter & Ross, \$29.95). In the words of a contemporary, the English poet Lord Byron was "mad, bad, and dangerous to know." But in Torontonian Grosskurth's excellent, empathetic biography, the writer and warleader of legend is also utterly fascinating. Drawing on new

Norwegian
Nathaniel and
made new life

archival sources, Grosskurth evokes a weak-willed Byron who drifted into his 1815 marriage with a young heiress partly because he craved a respectable haven from the rumors that he was having an affair with his own half sister. Against the rumors were true. A meeting story of a woman whose passion for poetry was such that she would work off the life.

Deadly Seas: The Duel between the St Croix and the USS65 in the Battle of the Atlantic by David J. Bernson and Roger R. Herring. (Random House, \$24.95). It has been 50 years since the Second World War ended, but the stormy seas continue. *Deadly Seas* takes a novel approach—by the 19th-century historians of the University of Calgary and German navy specialist Herring have written what they



McCall's manuscript read for Canadians

A NATIVE SON LOOKS BACK IN ANGER

Canadian boy walks along the highway outside his southwestern Ontario town, collecting castaways of Yankee culture—Schultz beer cans, Camel cigarette packs, Baby Ruth wrappers—long on the side of his road and counting off Midway American border-hoppers. "To me they are in their roadside debits," writes illustrator and humorist Bruce McCall in *Ten At a Canoe* of Age in Canada (Random House, \$29.95). "They are rare and precious artifacts devoted from a higher civilization. They are American." So begins an intriguing, sometimes infuriating account of dysfunctional youth tracing McCall's childhood in small-town Ontario during the Second World War and adolescence in Toronto and Windsor, to his "escape"—in 1962, at the age of 27—to New York City.

This age is an eloquent, often bitter memoir. McCall's 62 best known for his work in *The New Yorker*—is a gifted writer, and the opening compelling portrait of a postwar family on the edge of a breakdown. No Father Knows Best, this McCall's mother, Peg, was an embittered alcoholic who, before her death at 49, gradually receded from the life of her family.

Which was somehow better, McCall suggests, than the punishing style of his father, who was never there for the family in the first place—he was a career-drunk giant who spent no time for his wife or six children. "I wanted, and want, to leave the man," writes the author, more than 30 years after his father's death. "But his habitual detail of himself to his offspring based even understanding."

Against such passages, there is also much to

mar in McCall's book, largely at the expense of his country of birth and its inhabitants. And that may make *Ten At a Canoe* something of a misanthropic experience for Canadian readers. McCall's sense of small-minded and misanthropic and misanthropic, while his portrait of Windsor in the '50s and '60s is damning. But a special balm is reserved for 1940s Toronto, which McCall portrays as a morally upright, sexually upright city with an immigration as cramped and polluted as the "Don River. A civic-minded Torontoan might wish that the author would at least grudgingly acknowledge that the city had changed. No way for McCall, Toronto—despite its pretensions—is still "a stone-grey civic bulwark against fun and fleshy pleasures. Hagbawt now and forever."

Eventually, McCall's lingering expat resentment wears a bit, reliving as it does in familiar stereotypes and dated observations. One wonders, for instance, what the young New Yorker would make of tapless squeeze girls at the corner of Bay and Wellington. As a guide of how far Toronto now came since McCall's day that's pretty revealing.

JOE CHODOL

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Allan Fotheringham

Why history is better than algebra

A history professor from a distinguished Canadian university has written, visited, for help. This department, as all students know, is only too glad to offer aid and assistance to help academics—since professors never manage to ignore my advice.

The problem, as he explains, is that his students (particularly at the first-year level) invariably ask, "Why study history?" and "How will it help me get a job?" What help could a knowledge of history give him to answer such a question?

Well, this is simple. More simple than trying to figure out what Premier Manning and Gilbert Duceppe are doing in the same country. Why should the puzzled students be studying history? I could never figure out how highways and chemistry were going to help in getting a job—candidates have to have only one string to their bow—but history is a little more useful.

As George Santayana said, those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it. Cesare was done at with a dagger from his friends, and so was Magpie Throat. Nothing ever changes. They just switch the names around.

What we learn from history is Churchill's motto: "Never, never, never, give in." Of course Churchill spent most of his career in the political wilderness and, after switching to the Liberals in the House of Commons and then later switching back to the Conservatives, said "Never, never, never, it takes something to resist." Every thing exists out of history. I guess that's why we have to put up with both a Duceppe and a Manning.

Students of history will find that most of the famous historical quotes in fact never were spoken. Mark Twain is never said: "Let them eat cake." The Duke of Wellington never said that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton. He said it was won "in the classroom" of Eton, which was a entirely different matter. One thing a student of history will learn is never attempt to destroy a myth once it's up and galloping it can never be caught.

History can be almost instantaneous. Duquesne Bailey went to television seconds from a coal-burned and precious young businessman to a more casual form where it will take him years to recover from this one. Richard Nixon, on the discovery of the Watergate breakers,



dismissed it as "a third-rate burglary." He never did recover from it. History has a way of shifting balances. Harry Truman, who became president by accident, was regarded for years as a Kansas City haberdashier elevated into power by machine politicians. Which was true. All the high thinkers in academic and journalism in the United States now rank him just below the greats—Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt. (While the sexy, and sex-driven, Kennedy slips in prestige overtime.)

In our own province, Macdonald King has been regarded as a bit of a comic figure, with his strange bachelor knits to his mother and his doing. His reputation, as with Truman's, has been enjoying a revival lately, as the experts in such things revise the opinion of a prime minister who dithered over Quebec to a conclusion that he must have been a master not to delay and stall the possible disaster now before us.

That is why history is so fascinating (basic algebra and chemistry, which never change). The bi-weekly editions of the London papers are filled, week upon week, with aging generals and admirals always fighting the last war. Youngsters in the old world can give their version of it. Britain's death as a great power came not in the Second World War but in the First World War when the flower of its youth perished in the muddy, red-dirt trenches of France.

History also is that older lady who has occurred his military chiefs and shelled his Luftwaffe attacks from newly declassified RAF losses to civilians, with most bombing of cities, which of course only afflicted the British cause.

The inevitable arrival of the replica of John Cabot's trial crash in Newfoundland reminds us that remnants of a human policy have been found off the South American coast. Proud indeed that effort, undoubtedly Lord Embrose and the Vikings, watched these shores long before Christopher Columbus here, never took a breath.

W.A.C. Bennett, a Marlowe, B.C. hardware merchant, in the 1930s tried to push for an elected Senate and Canada being divided into five distinct regions. The voters either this month finally agreed with him on the latter. Jules Verne, who studied loss and general optics, in 1863 wrote about submarines and space travel. Leonardo da Vinci drew mechanical sketches of how a helicopter would fly. Notland things. Sound by the historians will be working about how the Conservative party of Canada went from two successive majority governments to two seats and how the province of Quebec, which has supplied Canadian prime ministers for 28 of 39 years, is threatening to separate and how the Supreme Court of the United States has ruled that its president must appear in court before a reservations clerk who claims she can testify as to certain unusual features of his genitalia. No one will believe any of it.

History is fun, but hey, kids, stay away from that algebra and chemistry.

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Phoebe Fyfe organized a mentor program that paired Grade 8 "Little Sisters" with high school "Big Sisters" and prepared presentations to help empower young women in dealing with the issue of harassment. She also founded Love and Learn, a student cultural awareness group which promotes non-violence and respect for all people.

Qayen Ly helped establish Something Back in an effort to inspire other young people to get involved in their communities. Through this organization, students volunteer in homeless shelters and other activities such as tree plantings, food bank donations, drives and lake restoration projects.

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